

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

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TORONTO, 1941

THREE STARS OF A GREAT MERCHANDISING DRAMA WHICH PLAYS TO A CAPACITY AUDIENCE EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. THE STORY IS ON PAGE 4

THE prize-winning entries and several other interesting items from our What To Do With Hitler Competition will be found on page 14. We have felt compelled to regard as undeserving of a prize all those entries which propounded the project of exhibiting the Fuehrer in a cage, whether as a peripatetic exhibit to be taken all around the world, or as a part of the permanent equipment of the London, Toronto or New York Zoological Gardens. This eliminated about half the entries. A small number of others had also to be eliminated by reason of their possessing qualities which, while in no way detracting from their merits, rendered them unsuitable for publication in a great family journal like SATURDAY NIGHT; the contributors of these will receive a small consolation prize of one dollar each.

The competition has served one purpose which we did not anticipate when we started it. As one of the entrants puts it: "I am sure that this contest will prove a great boon to neurages and suppressions of all sorts which we are told hinder and torment so many people today. Letting off steam is always a relief, and it is generous of you to afford an opportunity to those of us who are afflicted with pent up emotions on the subject of Hitler."

The Ruin of Character

THE deterioration of character which inevitably results when men and women are relieved of the responsibility for their own livelihood by being taken in charge by an organization such as the WPA of the United States or the less ambitious but perhaps equally demoralizing Welfare Departments of Canadian cities, has been very vividly depicted in a novel entitled *Men Working* and written by a younger brother of the famous novelist William Faulkner. We do not recommend the volume for pleasant reading, although John Faulkner seems to have a livelier sense of humor than William; but we wish that Canada possessed a literary artist who would give to the same subject in this country the same serious care and honest investigation. Our own limited experience suggests that, with some little allow-

ance for the exaggeration required by dramatic effect, the conditions depicted in *Men Working* could be duplicated in many parts of Canada. Indeed the Canadian system is fundamentally worse, for the WPA at least exacted some sort of pretence of working, some semblance of value delivered, as a condition of receiving a livelihood.

It is natural that, taken as a whole, the class of citizens who come under the WPA or the dole system should not be the strongest in the country in respect either of intelligence or of character. But even the best of those of us who by good fortune have been able to avoid that fate would be hard put to it to retain our self-respect, our sense of values, and our passionate desire for independence, if

we had been kept alive for months and years on end by a system which grudgingly admits that its beneficiaries must be kept alive because they are human beings, but affords them no chance to earn a better claim to their livelihood.

Gas-Saving Suggestion

TO CONSERVE gasoline, the authorities are urging motorists to use their cars less, to have them in the best operating condition when they do use them, and to drive at moderate speed. Forty miles an hour is suggested as a reasonable maximum. To promote a wider adherence to this limitation, why not get motorists to sign "Not More Than Forty"

pledges and give them stickers or plates to put on their cars proclaiming the fact? If they then exceeded the forty-mile limit they would make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of other motorists, who would know from their own speedometers that the pledge was being violated.

The Arvida Affair

FOR two weeks past we have put this paper to press without a word of comment upon the total lack of information available to the public on the Arvida Affair. We did so in the evidently unfounded confidence that no democratic government, not even the Government of Canada, could possibly keep its citizens in ignorance about such a matter for more than a few days at the outside. We have assumed that in the time that must elapse between this paper being printed and being read, something would be done to inform the Canadian public as to the amount of truth that there is in the assertion that several hundred skilled workmen in the province of Quebec are saboteurs, or at least the tools of saboteurs, against the nation's war efforts. But our expectation has been disappointed for two weeks, and our confidence is being undermined. The Government, we suspect, has come to the conclusion that if the public is given no facts to remember it will soon forget even the rumors, the charges, the angry words of ministers, the frantic activity of the censorship, and all the other amazing things which marked the days between the announcement that the aluminum in the Arvida melting-pots had been allowed to solidify, and the later announcement that the workers were back at work and it would take some weeks to chip it out again.

If the Government has really come to that conclusion, we think it is entirely wrong. We think that the Canadian public is this time thoroughly fed up with being kept in the dark. We think it feels that this is too grave a matter for the Government to bury under the tombstone of the censorship. We do not know just exactly what the Canadian public can do about it, except to keep on pro-

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In a ceremony attended by thousands, the Canadian and United States sections of a 236-mile pipeline which will join a tanker terminal in Portland, Me., with oil refineries in Montreal late this year, were joined last week. A general view of the pipeline shortly before the ends were joined together. The pipeline has already been given the A-1-A highest priority rating by the U.S. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes.



William H. Willis, Governor of Vermont State, left, and Hon. C. D. Howe, Canadian Minister of Munitions and Supply, do an official welding job as the two sections of the pipeline are brought together at the border. Immediately behind Governor Willis stands Hon. Pierpont Moffat, U.S. Minister to Canada; behind Mr. Howe is Hon. T. D. Bouchard, Minister of Public Works in the Quebec Provincial Government. Note border signs.



Two welders, a Canadian, James O. Lambert of Montreal on the right, and an American, Jean Lilly of Hull, Missouri, shake hands as the two ends are brought together. With "voluntary" gas rationing in effect in Canada and the Eastern United States, in order to release tankers for Britain, it is expected that the pipeline will bring an easement of the gasoline shortage by saving tankers the long haul up the St. Lawrence.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Art Does Need Sociability

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN SIR WYLY GRIER'S article "Sociability in Art", in which he appears to be trying to say that Canadian painters ought not to organize because the poems of Dante, Shakespeare and Milton were written by them and not by their friends, some questions are asked which seem to me to require answers.

"Did Dante originate or modify his *Inferno* as a result of chatting with fellow members of a downtown club?"

In a way, yes. Dante was a very clubbable man. But as his club in Florence had been dissolved he was compelled to invent another for the purposes of his poem. The *Inferno* is largely a series of conversations between Dante and spirits of people he knew well when they were alive, all of whom contribute to and modify the poem.

"Had Shakespeare a tavern to which he withdrew to talk over his plays with lesser men?"

Yes: it was called the Mermaid, and, as the historian Fuller says, "Many were the wit-combates betwixt him and Ben Jonson."

"Did not Milton, blind and solitary, dictate his *Paradise Lost* to his long-suffering daughters?"

Not much of it, no: that is an old fable. In any case Milton was far more interested in being a storm centre of social activity than in being blind and solitary.

"Do the other arts gain anything beyond friendly intercourse (if that) by hobnobbing with their fellow craftsmen?"

The grammar of this is a little difficult to follow, but I think the answer is yes. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great pioneer among all organizers of artists, points out that "hobnobbing" is essential even for students in an Academy: "It is generally found, that a youth more easily receives instruction from the companions of his studies, whose minds are nearly on a level with his own, than from those who are much his superiors; and it is from his equals only that he catches the fire of emulation." (*Discourse I*).

Toronto, Ont.

H. N. FRYE.

The French-Canadians

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I HAVE been a constant reader of your valuable paper now for a good many years, and I want to state that on all matters of national and international importance, you show a wide comprehension, and generally take a broad and open-minded viewpoint on the questions and problems that you discuss.

In your issue of August 2 there appeared an article entitled "The French-Canadians Are Ready to Play Ball" written by Mr. Richard M. Saunders. I have not the good fortune of knowing him, but from the bottom of my heart I want to thank him for what he has said concerning the attitude of the French-Canadians towards the present conflict.

With his analytical mind, he has been able to understand and realize the exact situation in the Province of Quebec; what has been accomplished there and how its sympathy for the common cause has been expressed by its spontaneous and tremendous efforts in its war activities.

How refreshing and encouraging such an article is when compared with others who are only fault-finding and always try to raise rancor and animosity against the sister province.

You are doing fine constructive work, Mr. Saunders, in such activities, and in doing so, you show the real Canadian and British spirit; the spirit which happily for all, animates the great majority of our Canadian people. You are doing more by your friendly and understanding statements; you give encouragement and strength to the Canadians of French descent to con-

tinue to play their part fully in the councils of the Canadian nation as well as with the other people of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Your attitude encourages them in their efforts and makes them realize that their contribution is appreciated by their fellow Canadians.

Cochrane, Ont. J. A. BRADETTE (M.P.)

Internment Procedure

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

DID the Right Hon. Ernest Lapointe fully realize the effect that would be produced upon the feelings of a large part of the population of Canada by his words in the House of Commons a few days before adjournment, on the question of final responsibility for the continued internment of persons whose release has been recommended by an advisory tribunal? It is my very strong belief that he did not, and that that effect is being highly detrimental to the unity of Canada, and will become more so unless something can be done to counteract the significance of his utterance.

What were Mr. Lapointe's exact words? He was, it will be remembered, discussing the cases of men who, having been interned on motion of the R.C.M.P., have applied for a tribunal to hear their explanations and to advise the Minister of Justice whether they should or should not be held, and have been heard by such a tribunal (consisting of a person who holds or has held high judicial office), and recommended for release.

"If the judge, after having heard witnesses, consisting of the family of the interned man, and some others, comes to the conclusion that the man is not a serious danger and should be released, and if the men responsible for order, the officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and especially those whom I trust and in whose judgment I have confidence, tell me on their responsibility that they do not wish to be held responsible for what that man could do if he were left at liberty; then, if I order the release of such a man, and a month or two after such release a serious act of sabotage is committed, resulting in loss of life, and if such activities can be traced to the man in question, who would be responsible? I would be. The government would be. The judge, for whose judgment I would have the greatest respect, would not be the one who would be blamed. No; the Minister of Justice would be blamed. The government would be blamed."

The obvious, and the only possible, inference from this is that Mr. Lapointe does not, in such a case, order the release, and that the final responsibility for the man's detention rests with those officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police "whom I trust and in whose judgment I have confidence."

Now I want to suggest to Mr. Lapointe and to the Government, through your columns, that these words probably have an entirely different meaning to him and his colleagues and friends on the one hand, and to a large part of the population of Canada on the other.

To Mr. Lapointe the officers "whom I trust and in whose judgment I have confidence" are individual persons, of high character and unimpeachable honesty. He is partially right; I know some of them myself and I share his opinion of them. But it will be noted that he carefully refrains from including all the officers, and even all the high officers, of the force.

To a large part of the Canadian public, on the other hand, these men are not individuals, they are parts of an organization and an organization about which two things come rather strongly to mind. One thing



John Ryerson Maybee, M.A., who has been awarded the Charles Scribner Fellowship in English by Princeton University, Princeton, N.J. A son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Maybee of Toronto, he graduated from the University of Toronto (Trinity) in '39.

is that it is the organization which applied for the internment order in the first place, and which may be expected to have a pretty lively interest in having it maintained, since its cancellation means that the organization was wrong in applying for it. The other thing is that it is the organization which for some thirty years past has been the chief instrument in the protection of the rights of property in cases of labor difficulty. I am not for a moment suggesting that its use as such an instrument is improper. But it has had the very definite and unquestionable effect of creating in the minds of a considerable part of the population the idea that the R.C.M.P. is devoted to the interests of a particular class, and therefore opposed to the interests of another class which feels itself specially threatened by the whole internment procedure. Nothing could be better calculated than Mr. Lapointe's words as quoted above to increase the dissatisfaction of this latter class with that procedure.

I want also to suggest to Mr. Lapointe that there is probably some degree of error in both his own view and the labor view about the officers "whom I trust" and who are consequently the final authority for the continued internment of certain individuals against the advice of the high judicial personage (or in future of three persons with one judicial personage among them). It is useless to expect this to be regarded by the entire population as a satisfactory situation.

Winnipeg, Man.

QUIS CUSTODIT?

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

resting, but we think that it will keep on protesting, and we propose to help it. This is in our opinion the most outrageous misuse of the powers of censorship that the Government has yet permitted itself. No military advantage accrues to the enemy from the publication of the facts about the Arvida Affair. No detriment to Canadian morale can result from the publication, that is not infinitely less than the detriment that is already being caused by the suppression of all information about it. No harm to the prestige and popularity of the Dominion Government can result, which is not infinitely less than the harm already done by the suspicion that its behavior in the Arvida Affair has been inept, cowardly and inconsistent. Nothing could strengthen that suspicion more than the policy of totally suppressing all information.

Changing Conditions

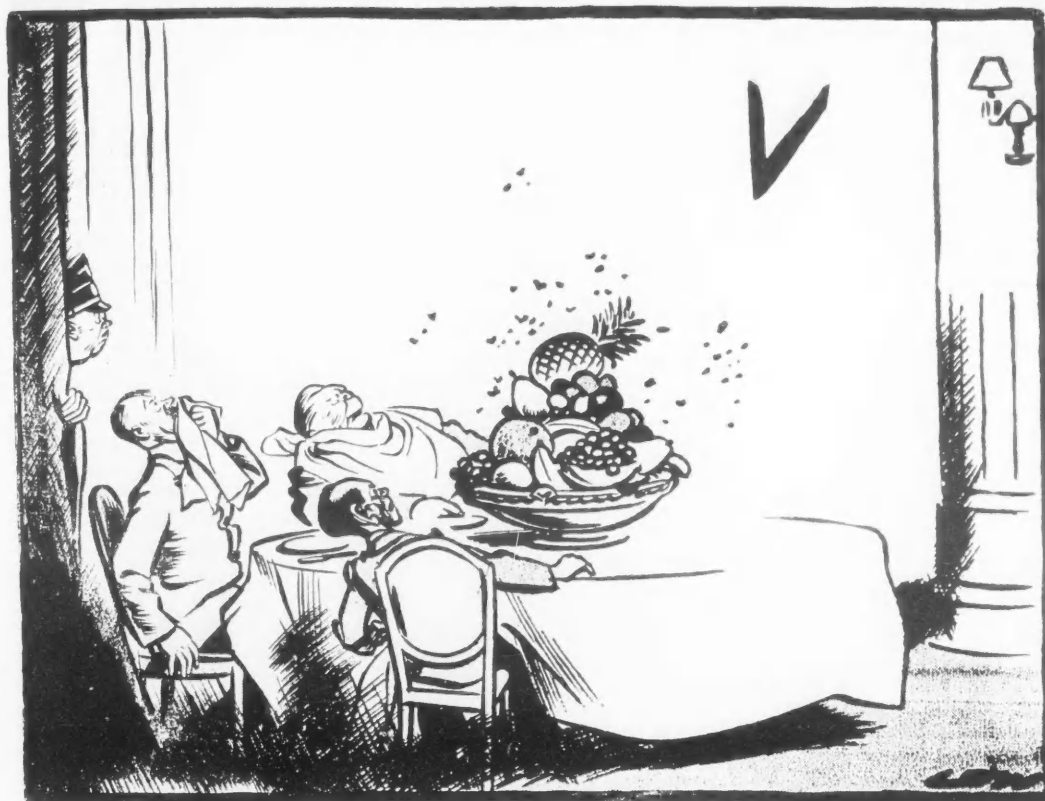
IT IS amazing how, in political and economic transactions, a rule or principle which was quite tolerable and harmless or even beneficial in a certain set of circumstances may, by a very slight change in those circumstances, become harmful and even intolerable. It is almost equally amazing how long such a rule or principle, in spite of having become harmful or intolerable to a considerable part of the population, may continue to be regarded by the rest of the population as harmless or even beneficial, because it was harmless or beneficial in the past and the change in circumstances has not been noted.

Taxation of all sorts in Canada used to be an almost insignificant proportion of the transaction on which it was levied. In those circumstances, the privilege of exemption from taxation, while mildly enjoyable to its possessors, was no serious detriment to the taxed. The enormous increase in the intensity of taxation has completely abolished this situation. Any exemption from taxation should now be scrutinized with the most rigid care, since it is possible that the considerations which justified it when it was a matter of one half of one per cent will completely fail to justify it when it is a matter of ten per cent or forty per cent.

Even the exemptions universally extended by municipal authorities to religious and educational property stand in need of examination in these new circumstances. Exemption from taxation is obviously a bonus granted by the community to the exempted enterprise. If it were a commercial enterprise, that is the exact term which would be employed a bonus. There are no doubt excellent reasons why the community should bonus a religious enterprise, but there are no very convincing reasons why it should bonus all religious enterprises in strict proportion to the value of their real estate holdings. It is unfortunately possible that a religious body with very little real estate may do more good in the community, and benefit more of the people, than a very wealthy one. When taxation was light we did not have to worry about these things, but it is a little light any longer.

Canada-U.S. Timing

NOW that the relations between the United States and Canada are constantly being described as so amiable and intimate that the two nations have practically two minds with but a single thought, one is occasionally led to wonder whether they could not bring themselves to act occasionally, not only in the same manner, but at the same time. Since Canada started restricting the hours of sale of gasoline, the United States, at least in the east, has taken long steps in the same direction. But there were a few days in the interval, when Canada was under war restrictions and the United States was not; and some American tourists apparently, and some Canadian journalists evidently, took advantage of this situation to complain that there had been a breach of faith by the Canadian Government towards Canada's American visitors. This breach of faith arises out of the statement made by Prime Minister King on February 6 in an advertisement in many American publications, in



WRITING ON THE WALL

which he said (to our American visitors): "You will suffer no restrictions; you will be as free in our country as you are in your own."

For ourselves we are not at all disposed to feel that a statement of fact made in early February is to be construed as a pledge valid until the end of August (or whatever other period, if any, Mr. King's critics like to assign to it). But if Canada and the United States could have managed to act in concert in the timing of their several restrictive acts, all disappointment by American tourists, and all ground of criticism by Canadian journalists, concerning this particular subject would have been obviated. Obviously we should all have

THE OLD UNHAPPY GODS

THE old, unhappy gods have come again
That lay asleep in far, forgotten places,
Dim and unholy in the minds of men
With barren dust upon their evil faces.

The ancient fears have awakened from their sleep.

Loose-lipped and hollow-eyed and tongued
With flame

To burn men's minds with awful wounds and deep,

And turn their feet to brutal ways of shame.

The half-remembered terrors of the night

When men were children on a harsh new earth.

Arise once more, in fierce infernal light

To revel at Catastrophe's rebirth.

Merridale, Man.

DONALD L. AIKEN.

been much happier, and the critics could have moved on to give their attention to something of rather more importance in the winning of the war. It seems to us that nothing is lacking, for the establishment of a system of mutual timing, except perhaps a little machinery. If there were somebody whose business it could be to see that the Governor General's advisers should know all about everything that is being considered at Washington, and the President's advisers should know all about everything that is being considered at Ottawa, except of course the deep, dark military secrets of both Councils, the thing would be practically done. The two Governments are one in spirit; all they need is a few long distance telephone calls to make them one in action.

P.C. 7440 Is Wrong

THE idea that a limitation upon the hourly wage of factory workers will provide an effective brake against the rise of the price level—an idea which is the basis of Canada's labor policy as set forth in P.C. 7440—is unfortunately illusory. It would probably work more or less effectively at a time when there was no great increase in the number of working hours, or when the increased working hours were devoted to the production of the kind of goods which would be in increased demand as the result of an increased distri-

bution of money wages. But this is not that sort of a time. There is a great increase in the total number of hours worked, and no corresponding increase in the supply of goods which the workers are going to demand with their increased wages; for the additional goods which are being turned out are of the kind which is needed only by governments engaged in the defence of their countries. In consequence, there is bound to be a largely increased demand for the kind of thing which the workingman and his family want when they are relatively prosperous, and the mere limitation of the hourly wage, and not the weekly income, to a fixed relation with the cost of living will do nothing whatever to check this increased demand.

A working class family which could barely maintain itself with one member working 36 hours a week for 45 weeks in the year now contains in all probability one member working 44 hours for 52 weeks and anywhere from one to four other members who on the average will together add at least the equivalent of another full-time wage to the family exchequer. We are not suggesting that there is anything wrong about this, we are merely pointing out its effect upon buying power. On the other hand the agricultural population, which during the depression has been in the same uncomfortable position regarding income as the wage workers, has had to exert just as much labor to obtain that income as it did when its income was twice or three times as great, and cannot now throw any reserve working power into the task of improving its position.

In other words P.C. 7440 is based on the assumption that the economic position of the worker depends upon his hourly wage, whereas it really depends upon his hourly wage multiplied by the number of hours worked by all members of the family unit. The country is fast reaching a state of saturation in respect of employment, a state in which the total purchasing power of the wage earners may easily become more than twice what it was during the depression, not in terms of dollars but in terms of the actual commodities which it commands. This can be prevented from resulting in inflation only by one of two methods. The first of these, and the one to which the Canadian Government seems to have adhered along with that of the United States, is restriction of prices. To the extent to which this works it merely leaves an immense part of the new purchasing power to overflow towards unrestricted (and therefore probably luxurious) commodities, the production of which will put an additional strain upon labor and capital which are needed for the war. The second method is the promptest possible recapture of the largest possible amount of the new surplus purchasing power of the wage earners by taxation—taxation which should in our opinion be accompanied by a definite and binding promise to repay a substantial part of the captured income when labor is no longer needed for defence. Of such a policy we hear not even the remotest echo of any suggestion in Canada.

THE PASSING SHOW

ACCORDING to a London report, R.A.F. officers have women "batmen" to press their pants, clean their boots, and so on. In Canada, too, many airmen are getting married.

It is reported that the bicycle business is booming while the gasoline business is declining. It's just a vicious cycle.

Nazi propagandists claim that Russian guerrillas are being lured out of hiding with sad music. Sad music like Deutschland Ueber Alles?

PASTORAL FRAGMENT

The rolling year revolves once more, and see—
The Fair appears, yes, 'tis the C.N.E.!
See Autumn from her cornucopia pour
Her riches, 'til the thing becomes a bore;
See Flora, wilting in a stuffy tent,
'Midst clam'rous votaries, on ribbons bent;
See Thalia butcher'd in the grandstand show,
While Polyhymnia squalls, and cattle low;
Quaint, cheating Momus in the Midway see,
Where the deft shell-man plies th' elusive pea,
And urban peasants crowd in frowsy crew
In bumpkin awe monstrosities to view;
Spin the wool-taffy, glowing hot-dogs serve
That we may gorge, while Europe's millions starve.

At such a Kermis, who would dare deny
That we are gods, and revel in the sky,
That the flat fairground is Parnassus' mountain,
And Helicon's pure flow supplies The Fountain?

A seaman on a British troop-transport avers that Canadian soldiers are mild and shy. But the Nazis had better not bank on it.

There are reports that Ontario will suffer a shortage of electricity before long. We cannot say whether or not this has anything to do with Mr. Hepburn's projected departure for England.

Mr. Roosevelt says that the fishing was good on his recent cruise, but nothing came of our secret hope that Mr. Roosevelt would hook a submarine.

BARGAIN!

I PURCHASED a cottage, complete, by the shore,
But I'll never go back there again any more
Unless they can shrink it and line it with tin
So there isn't a hole for a guest to creep in.
GILMAN DOUGLAS.

Italian reinforcements have been sent to Russia. We knew the Nazis were in a bad way but we didn't know it was that bad.

The United States has "unfrozen" war materials for Russia. So for the first time in months Russia is to have an ice-free port in the United States.

The Associated Press has inaugurated a Rumor Deflator Service, for pricking wild propaganda tales. Someone has remembered that the pin is mightier than the sword.

A woman mistook a typographical error in the Calgary Herald for the code of Nazi spies, and informed the police. She was informed that unfortunately typographical errors are not covered by the Criminal Code.

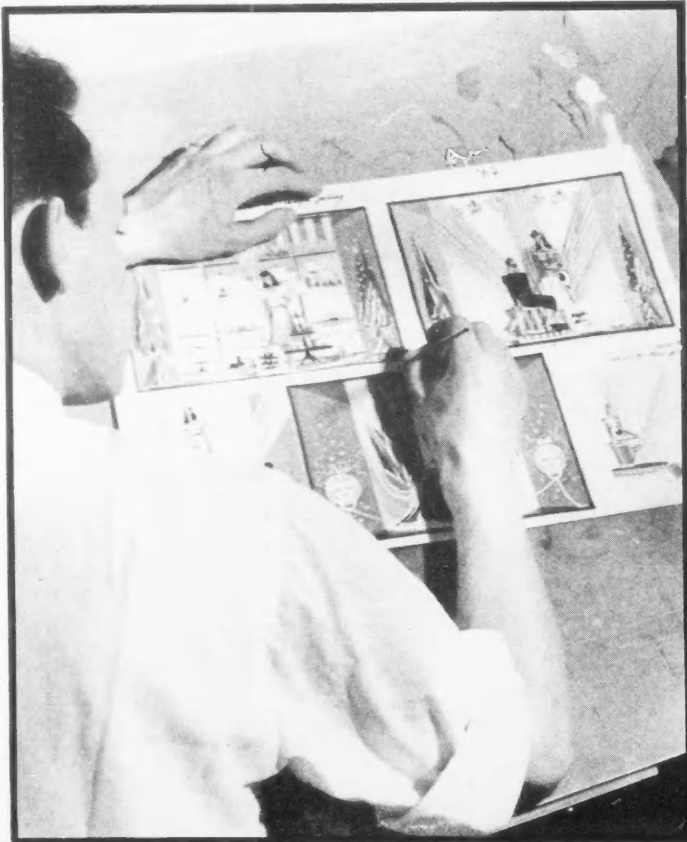
TROUGH THEORY

THESE writers of free verse on sordid themes,
These toadstools in the literary pan;
So busy making nightmares out of dreams
Or spilling garbage from a wordy can
Laugh "he-he-he" at Darwin, for it seems
They think the pig is higher than the man.
GILMAN DOUGLAS.

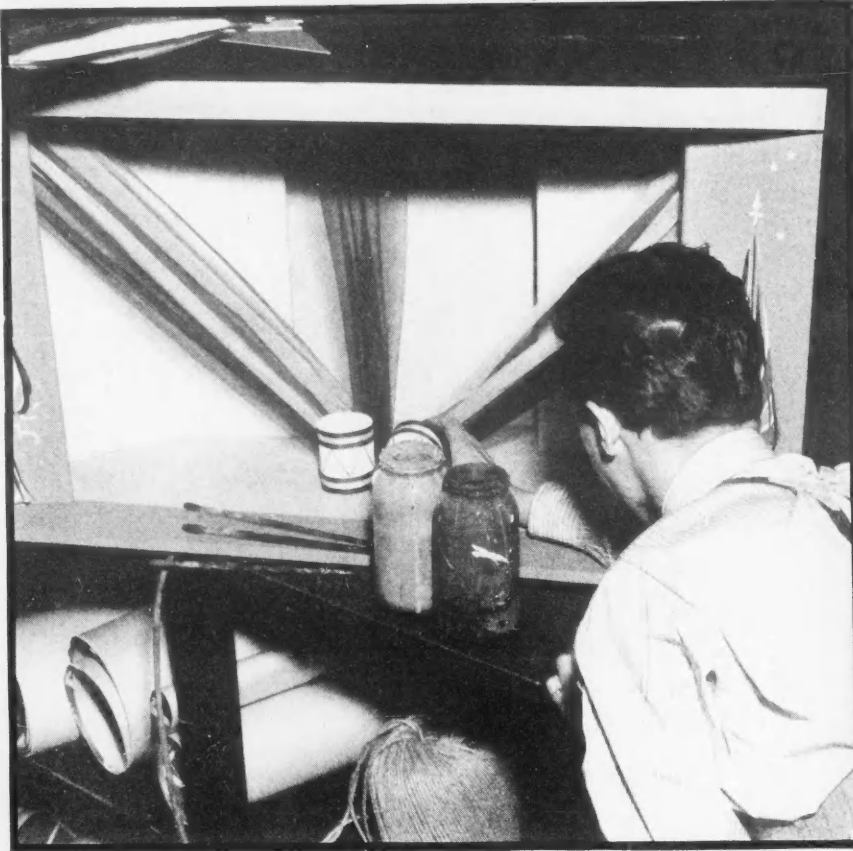
Vichy bedtime song: "Oo's 'ickle Darlan is 'oo?"

A Toronto man has been arrested for marrying his wife's sister. Probably he's one of those men who can't bear the thought of in-laws.

Window Dressing Combines Stagecraft, Art . . .



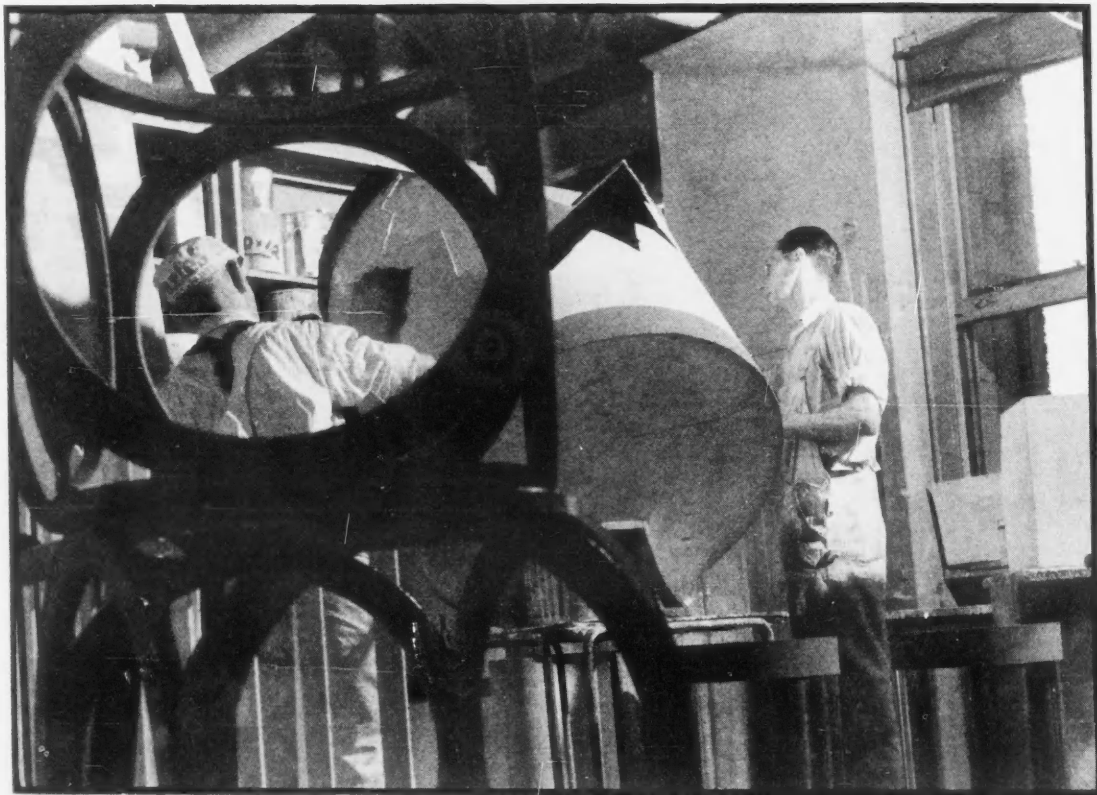
When a theme is selected, artist sketches the window . . .



. . . which is dressed in miniature for color combinations, settings . . .



. . . complete with tiny plasticine models



Miracles in settings and unusual effects are produced in the carpentry and paint shop



Huge photographs and timely displays keep steady pace with the news to sell merchandise

SHE'S a blonde. She's a brunette. She can wear clothes and strike the most exotic poses. She's the best dressed woman here, there or anywhere. She's gorgeous. She's beautiful. But she's dumb.

Staid and stately business men take sly glances at her on their way to work in the morning or during the noon-hour rush and wish they were not staid and stately business men. Their wives, while on their afternoon shopping tours, look at her with mixed feelings of adoration and jealousy. She is what they would like to be, the Miss Canada of style and glamour. She is one of the reasons the ladies-wear and cosmetic industries are able to declare dividends in good times or bad, come war or peace. She is Canadian womanhood idealized, the tops in feminine perfection whom one sees in the shop windows of downtown departmental stores . . . the plaster composition mannequin . . . that silent, inscrutable business woman, who is almost as important to the selling of merchandise as the highest paid executive in the store.

The life-like mannequin of today is a decided contrast to those of former years, the decapitated feminine forms which stood on casters, or those of a later date, the ghastly-looking ladies with the funereal wax faces, unimaginatively created in form and pose and complete blackouts in sex appeal. Instead of being something dead and impersonal she has the appearance of being so alive and real that to walk in suddenly behind the scenes, where she is being dressed for appearance in a window setting, is something to make the most hard-boiled male blush and beat a hasty retreat, as he would on entering a ladies' powder room by mistake.

However, the men and women from the merchandise display of a big store stand on no such ceremony. They take the heavy blonde or the young matron with the haughty expression, turn her upside down the better to put on her silk stockings, dismember an arm to get her into a garment and generally treat her with all the indifference of an artist toward a piece of canvas on which he is about to create a beautiful picture.

Despite all the illusions she may create the mannequin is, in the final

analysis, advertising space, the same as the pages of a newspaper, magazine or billboard . . . a medium of expression to tell a sales message. She may look exotic and glamorous, but her job, rather than just be a pretty-pretty, is to sell goods. Take the Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd. for example. Here we see her along with her sister mannequins, cast in a great merchandising drama. They are the on-stage players of a whole department, the merchandise display, which has as its function the selling of merchandise through the windows and interior settings of the store.

DISPLAY men check the fifty-six windows of this store several times daily. They trim 4,500 windows in a year; every one different, although you'll often see a "theme" carried out along a whole Yonge or Richmond Street front. A garden wedding one day, a rough and tumble camp the next—always the last word in lighting and color—always the acme of perfection. (Every detail is double-checked. To a display man, even a misplaced pin is poison. If a flop card falls on its face, ten 'phone calls will reach the display department in as many minutes). And often there's a "scoop" in news pictures or merchandise shown. Today's display men are fast workers, too—they can change all the windows in just three hours. They've got it down to a science . . . a science that has just one object: "dramatize the merchandise."

It may be only a wisp of dreamy chiffon. But if it's in the window, it's dramatized by all the arts of the theatre. Carefully designed wings, backdrop, skillful spot lighting, colorful accessories, chosen deliberately to harmonize or contrast, make it the centre of attention. For that little space of time before it's wrapped in a box and sent off in a red and yellow truck to your home, it's treated like a jewel.

Perhaps perfume is sprayed out delicately on the street air, so it's surrounded in a fragrant aura. Music of all kinds from the tinkling music-box variety to orchestral arrangements may herald its beauty to the passer-by. If it's a ski suit, instead of a filmy evening frock, powerful fans may drive swirling snow into miniature storms.

Story by Harold Sutherland

... With the Thrills of a Play's "First Night"



Dismembering mannequin before changing window



... which is scrubbed while denuded "cast" stands idly awaiting next "show"



Window socks are worn by display staff

A whole army of carpenters, painters, scrubwomen, artists, designers, display men, display stylists and card writers have worked on this setting—for a week for that little piece of merchandise that may ultimately be yours.

A quick sketch by a display artist translates the theme idea into color. From the sketch a miniature window is built up, in proportions exactly corresponding to the big window. Materials, colors, lighting effects are tried out. Even a little plasticene dummy takes her place wearing a tiny replica of the fashion to be shown. Sizes of display fixtures and quantities of draperies thus determined, the paint shop and carpenter shop take on the job. Blow-ups are ordered, back drop sketches made if necessary, new silk cords attached, new drapes made, fresh, gilding done; there's bustle, activity and the smell of wet paint through the whole display department.

THE day the window goes in arrives. Props loaded on trucks go down on the elevators to the arcade. Inside the windows, amazing changes are taking place. The beautiful, too-serene-for-this-world mannequins are taken apart, limb from limb; some of them simulate the magician's cut-the-lady-in-two act. Their dresses for a week are taken away. And they scarcely take any notice at all while scrub women wash the window floors. Then nobody dares go into a window without his "socks" pulled neatly over his shoes.

Once again, every girl's dream comes true for each languid composition beauty. She gets a brand new outfit, stockings included. Easier to dress than any small girl's doll, she "does something" for the clothes she wears with her lean, long waistline, her long long legs, her graceful stance. To her painted poise is added the perfect hair-do, the right shade of nail polish, correct shoes with every costume to enhance her pretty ankles. And there is always that complete serenity that never disappears even when she's left behind displays with only a dust bag on her smartly coiffed head.

Finally, when her lapel pin is in place, her hat tilted at just the right angle, her gloves held correctly in her half-closed, long-fingered hand,

the spotlights are turned on her... and her sisters... and her background... and the accessories grouped around her. The always-recurring drama of merchandise begins again.

ALONG with this drama of merchandising one can't help but recall a story dealing with a drama of human emotions, which had to do with a mannequin and a young man of a display department in a New York store. She was a beautiful example of sculpturing art, a plaster composition model, he, a romantic soul.

When he had a window to dress he saw to it that as frequently as possible, his Duchess, as he called her, was the figure to take the central place of the setting, to wear the best garments. It didn't matter what she had on, sportswear or evening gown, she always looked how he wanted her to look, because, like some flesh-and-blood women, she had the happy faculty of being attractive and well-groomed at all times. He received many compliments upon the appearance of his windows, so many in fact, that after a time he felt quite sure that he wasn't deserving of all the praise, some of it should have gone to his Duchess.

As time went on he became more closely attached to his inanimate working mate, more dependent upon her for his success. Without her he was never quite sure whether a job was well done or not; with her, he always had confidence. His attachment for her gradually grew into a genuine fondness. She became more to him than just a mannequin, she was part of his success and a definite personality. And, according to the story, he fell in love with her.

His ability as a display man having been heralded hither and yon, the day came when he was offered a better job. To leave without his Duchess was unthinkable, so like a true Lohengrin, he showed no faint heart toward his lady, but returned to the store one evening and stole her from a window.

The consequences of this rash act are unknown, but perhaps it does explain why many men are more content to go window shopping with their wives than ever before... it's an intriguing mannequin who holds them enthralled, not merchandise.



First full dress rehearsal. One of the cast has her stockings adjusted unceremoniously

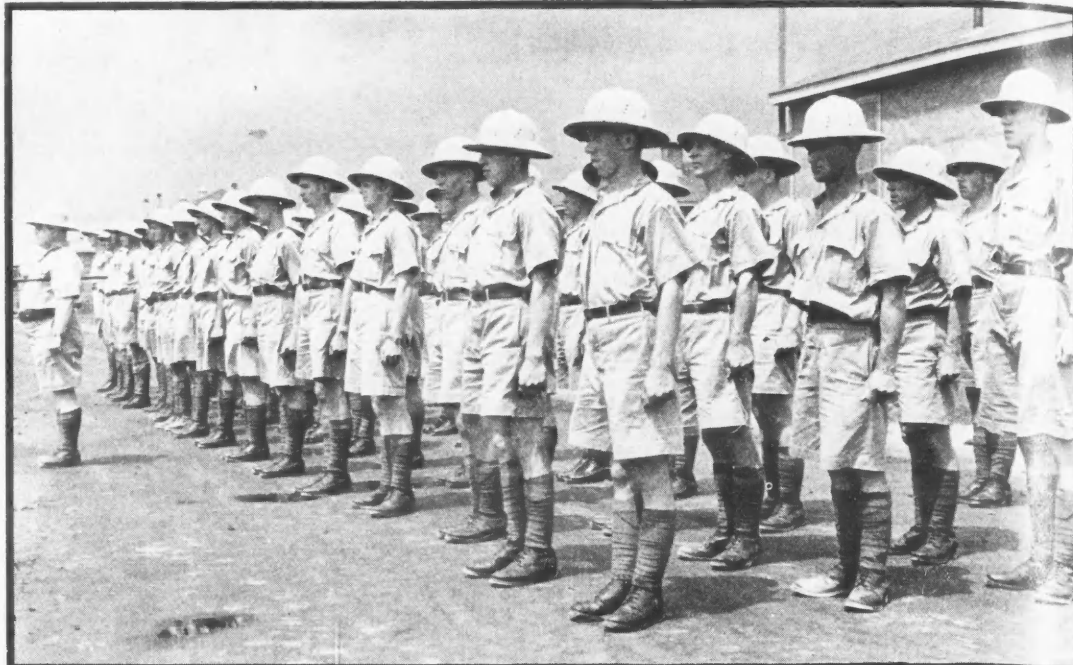


Just before "curtain" time: last minute touches to the cast of the merchandising drama

Photographs and Front Cover by Mathews



Corporal Ballantyne Shows Rookie Alex Dickson How to Wear a Tam O'Shanter



Total Reserve at Cornwall, Ont., Volunteered for Active Army. Platoon No. 4, First to Volunteer

LaFlèche Molds a New Canadian Spearhead

BY WALTER RIDDELL

All across Canada young men are entering military camps for 14 months' compulsory training.

The man responsible for that training is Great War veteran Major-General L. R. LaFlèche, D.S.O., Legion of Honor.



Major-General L. R. LaFlèche



A proud moment in a young trainee's life at Long Branch Training Centre, Ontario. For after a week's training he is receiving his first stripe, which makes him a Non-Commissioned officer with the rank of Lance-Corporal. "There are those who wonder if Canada's Army of today will prove the same mettle as the Army of 1918—who question the youth of Canada."

WHEN Foch called the First Canadian Corps the spearhead of the Allies in the Hundred Days that won the last World War, it wasn't just a figure of speech. It was a deliberate tribute to crowning achievements of Canadian arms. There are those who wonder if Canada's Army of today will prove the same mettle as the Army of 1918—who question the youth of Canada, and, particularly among that youth, the trainees called for home defence. But what about Active Service? It's one thing to wear a uniform for home glamor. It's another thing to go into battle.

There's a quiet, courteous, badly wounded man at Ottawa who knows this, whose spirit won him great distinction in the last war—who is infusing that spirit into the trainees in this war. Few people realize the extent of military training being given to Canadian man power under the present system. In camps located in a hundred places across Canada, thousands of young Canadians are now in training for Active Service and home defence—getting a valuable physical build-up, learning their responsibilities and fitting themselves for any emergency. The man who is responsible for calling this great army of potential warriors and starting them off in the right frame of mind, is General L. R. LaFlèche.

For a man's spirit may inspire a multitude and LaFlèche has that spirit. A man who walks in a permanent cast, whose face is pitted and scarred with wounds who lost the use of an eye and an arm—must have that spirit if he is to become, after a quarter of a century, an effective Deputy Minister of Defence for Canada. And LaFlèche must have had that spirit indeed to have survived that day at Mount Sorrel in June, 1916, when, as a Major with the famous *Vingt-Deuxième*, he, with twelve men, held his advanced position until all twelve men were dead—he only surviving death and twenty-two wounds by the grace of God and the tenacity of his spirit. He lay in a trench unconscious for twelve hours before five men of his unit carried him out under the fire of German artillery. (Each one of those five men was awarded the Military Medal, LaFlèche, the D.S.O. and Legion of Honor). After long hospitalization he was invalided home to the Quebec of his ancestors' maternal and paternal generations of them, where he was given the command of the Depot District in Montreal, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Concerned for the men of his unit when he was in France Lt. Colonel LaFlèche extended that concern to 65,000 men of all ranks whom he demobilized in the ensuing year, acquiring that intimate understanding of soldier and dependent problems which gave him signal place as president or director of many organizations concerned with the welfare of

National Defence. So, in November 1932, the man who had fought so well in the first World War found himself occupied with preparations for the deadlier struggle he anticipated.

At a time when local interests were more in mind than international misgivings, when national defence in Canada and in many other countries was at the ebb, he would have set Canadian industry to work from coast to coast, calling upon all parts of Canada to prepare to produce arms and munitions, from ships to explosives. He would have built up Canada's industry everywhere as a potential source of supply in time of war second only to the British Isles. He wanted all parts of the Empire to agree to a plan of manufacture and supply agreeable to all. This proved impossible, so he interested British authorities in Canada as the safe source of supply for arms and equipment. He convinced the British Air Mission which came to the United States, then to Canada, that aircraft, aero engines and aluminum, and much other war equipment, could and should be produced in Canada for them. He believed that Canada must become the arsenal of the Empire. He never swerved from this objective, and did not spare himself, and followed British business methods and opinion as being the best because tried and tested by time. He had seen his plan materialize, later than he would have wanted it. Canada is today the arsenal of the Empire and of all freedom-loving people. His unceasing work and great difficulties which he met exhausted him, not the least of that exhaustion being due to the Bren Gun enquiry, in which he faced a parliamentary committee for days, stood staunchly beside his Minister, Hon. Ian Mackenzie, and showed not only a willingness, but almost an eagerness to accept responsibility himself. Minister and Deputy Minister were both overworked, but LaFlèche was tired out and a medical board ordered immediate rest entirely free from any work or occupation. After several months, not yet believed sufficiently recovered, he was offered several times the High Commissionership to South Africa which he refused, insisting rather that he be sent to the British or French Army then on the western front in France. His insistence finally met with its reward when he was appointed Military Attaché to the French High Command.

Now Major-General LaFlèche is back in Canada, Associate Deputy Minister of National War Services, charged, above all, with the ever-growing army of trainees. Those who know, know that he has done and is doing a great job; know particularly that his influence in his native province has been invaluable; do not hesitate to predict that the love and respect Quebec has for him will open Cabinet doors for him in the not too distant future.

The Problem of British Columbia's Japanese

BY REGINALD H. MEEK

WITH tension steadily tightening between the British Empire and Japan, British Columbians are wondering today . . . what about our 27,000 Japanese?

The Japanese problem is an old one with British Columbians; living in our Pacific Province are 94% of all the Japanese in Canada. But the threat of war gives the question new urgency. Over past years the cry of "Oriental Penetration" has gone out consistently. The Japanese have been charged with trying "to breed themselves into possession of B.C." It has been said that they teach loyalty only to Japan in their 40 language schools in that province; that they are not good Canadians; that their fleet of fishing smacks is a menace in time of trouble. Anti-Japs say the Japanese are politically controlled from Tokyo; that they live like church mice and undersell the Whites who have a higher standard of living; and that, in short, they should be sent back where they came from.

Whites complain that the Japanese is no respecter of minimum hour and wage laws and that he is able to sell his wares at prices with which the Whites cannot compete. Anti-Oriental feeling arises also from a feeling of class distinction. As the Japanese strives to increase his standard of living, and moves into better residential districts, Whites become color conscious.

But it's the proximity of war now, that aggravates the British Columbia Japanese question. One answer, if you choose to accept it, was given by the official spokesman of the Japanese Citizens League in Vancouver just one year ago. "Our first loyalty is to Canada," he stated. "If the worst comes to the worst and there was a clash between Japan and Great Britain, there would be no compromise in our loyalty. I am positive there is not one among us who would not defend B.C.'s coast against the Japanese Navy. This is our home and this is what we mean by loyalty."

"The Japanese Canadians"

Anti-Japs clamor for more restrictive measures against the Japanese in B.C., while others who have studied the question claim that a process of discrimination will ultimately create a serious minority problem in British Columbia; that the discrimination against the Japanese results in a continuance of his lower standard of living, thus perpetuating the evil of which the Whites complain. This group urges the elimination of discrimination against the Oriental, and the assimilation of those naturalized in Canada.

Many between these two schools of thought lies the suggestion brought forward by Young, Reid and Carleton in their book "The Japanese Canadians," which urges the adoption of a quota system which would

As war with Japan comes closer and closer, British Columbians, some of them, are feeling apprehensive about their Japanese citizens. For in British Columbia lives 94 per cent of all the Japanese in Canada.

The R.C.M.P. seem satisfied with the conduct of Canada's Japanese to date, but have taken the precaution of registering them. The Japanese themselves protest their loyalty, say they have volunteered for active duty but have been refused.

allow up to certain fixed percentages of Japanese to enter any line of business. This system, they point out, was successfully (?) operated in Czecho-Slovakia in handling the demands of the German minority.

Despite the fact that Japanese immigration to Canada today is restricted (a maximum of 150 per year are permitted entry under the terms of the revised Gentleman's Agreement) B.C. still faces the disconcerting fact that the Oriental population of the province is increasing about five times as fast as the white population. The Japanese natural increase in B.C. is about 25 per 1,000, while the White natural increase is less than five per 1,000. The Japanese population jumped from 22,205 in 1931 to 25,886 in 1936—an increase of 16% in five years. Immigration accounted for only about 700 of this increase.

on the heart of the situation, and seem to be quite satisfied with the conduct of the Japanese in B.C. A Federal Government Committee, investigating the Orientals in B.C., issued the following statement in January of this year: "As a result of the Committee's study, and of its own knowledge of the situation, the Government is satisfied that the great majority of people of Oriental racial origin who are now in Canada, are thoroughly loyal to their adopted or native land" (Canada).

Similarly, charges that the 40 Japanese language schools (with ap-

proximately 3,300 pupils) are disseminating pro-Axis propaganda, and teaching loyalty only to Japan, have not been substantiated by investigation. In March of this year, the Hon. G. M. Weir, B.C. Minister of Education, stated that the Government investigation of applications for Japanese and other foreign language classes in the province had shown generally that they were in order.

Recently a Civic Committee investigating Japanese schools in Vancouver suggested that all Japanese text-books be first submitted to the Province for approval before use in the school room, and that second-generation Japanese be put in charge of the schools. The Japanese agreed to these suggestions as well as the request that a member of the Vancouver School Board be allowed to sit at their meetings.

B.C. Japanese are now being thumb-printed by the R.C.M.P. in a new registration program. Canadians of Japanese origin have repeatedly offered to serve in the Canadian armed forces; they are not

accepted. In World War I, 197 Japanese fought overseas for Canada. The Japanese Nationality Law of 1924 states that a Japanese is not obliged by Japanese law to retain his Japanese citizenship when he is Canadian born or naturalized.

Perhaps a more judicious moment could be found for a Government attempt at amelioration of the B.C. Japanese problem, but it seems reasonable to hope that positive steps will eventually be taken toward a solution such as the previously mentioned quota system for Japanese in business.

If war does come with the Axis partner in the Orient, I expect the Japanese in B.C. to sit tight and go about their legitimate business. Possibly their 1500 odd fishing boats plying the B.C. coast will be impounded, and the Canadian Government will probably take new precautions against the possibility of sabotage and espionage. Most apparent threat of trouble is the possibility of anti-Japanese demonstrations by certain White groups.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Religion and Education

BY B. K. SANDWELL

ed minister as its Principal.

Are we sure today that a total disinterestedness in education on the part of organized religion is a good thing for either education or religion? May it not, on the contrary, be one of the evidences that both religion and education have failed in some measure to fulfil their duty?

IT CAN, I think, be argued that the Presbyterian Church of Canada "in connexion with the Church of Scotland" began very early to fail to fulfil its duty to the new institution of which it had control. In 1843 there occurred the famous Free Church secession in Scotland; it was duplicated in Canada in the following year. There was no local reason for the secession in Canada, where there was no Establishment. Mr. D. D. Calvin, the historian of Queen's, whose admirable centenary volume has prompted most of these musings, can find no reason for it except that "with Scottish clannishness the Presbyterians in Canada, both lay and clerical, followed the ideas and prejudices of their friends 'at home'." The secession took away about two-thirds of the students and supporters of the infant university, and led to immediate plans for a rival institution, Knox College in Toronto. A quarter of a century later the quarrelling Presbyterians reunited themselves, but by this time the harm had been done; Queen's had become definitely associated with the Old Kirk wing, and the Free Church wing had become interested in Knox, with the result that the new Church declined all responsibility for the Arts Faculty at Queen's and gave only limited support to the Theological Faculty. A generation later there was to be a similar upheaval at the departure of a large portion of the Presbyterian Church to join the Methodists and Congregationalists in the United Church of Canada. One begins to feel that a religious body so mutable, and so uncertain as to its basic philosophy, may not have been a perfect example of the type of religious organization which one would like to see exercising some influence upon the educational processes of the community.

I hasten to add that while the Presbyterians may have been more quarrelsome, they have been no more mutable, and no more uncertain philosophically, than any other Protestant religious body. These are the weaknesses of our time.

On the other hand it is interesting to query whether the developments in education itself, which have large-

ly brought about the increasing disinterestedness of religious bodies in their own former universities, have been altogether beneficial. It is obvious that in this scientific age science must be taught; but it is not quite so obvious that it must be taught with the accent entirely on its practical capabilities and its value as an aid to the making of a good income. Mr. Calvin says that Queen's has maintained "a determination to teach fundamentals rather than to train specialists in other words, to distinguish between education and technical training." There have always been men at Queen's who have maintained this determination, but whether the institution has been able to maintain it, in face of the almost universal tendency in other educational institutions on this continent, is another question.

WHAT are the alternatives to the control of education by organized religion? One of them is, of course, the control of education by the state. The whole career of Queen's has been one of protest against that concept. The other is in effect control by the successful members of the alumni of past classes. It is a method which has prevailed more or less generally over most of North America ever since the period of religious control came to an end. It is not ideal. It is very probably responsible for a great many of the weaknesses of higher education at the present time. It may very possibly come to an end as a result of the moods of heavy taxation into large incomes.

The true business of higher education is to keep alive, and to make continually stronger, the traditional culture of the community in which it functions. The true meaning of that term "culture" is certainly not identical with the meaning ascribed by Germans between 1910 and 1941 to their own word "kultur"; but it contains more of the idea of discipline, and disciplined responsibility, than we were willing to put into it during those same years. Now that the world is in the melting pot and everything is being made over, it is interesting to conjecture whether a true higher education, directed to the maintenance, not of scientific industries, but of a true "culture", must not necessarily have a good deal more to do with religion than the higher education of the last forty years in North America has had. But if it has, one thing is certain: the religion which is going to have anything to do with this better higher education will need to be a much better religion.



Dorothy Thompson, American newspaper columnist and lecturer, and staunch friend of England, is in England studying wartime conditions. Here, in a London park, she stops to chat with three British girls. The one at left is a member of the Auxiliary Ambulance Service. In a recent broadcast to Germany, Miss Thompson declared Germany could not win War.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

The United States -- Between Hitler and Japan

UNITED WE STAND, by Hanson Baldwin. McLeod. \$4.00.

THE ARMED FORCES OF THE PACIFIC, by W. D. Puleston. Ryerson. \$3.50.

THE FIGHT FOR THE PACIFIC, by Mark J. Gayn. McClelland and Stewart. \$4.00.

AMERICA IN ARMS, by J. McAuley Palmer. Ryerson. \$2.50.

WHAT MEIN KAMPF MEANS TO AMERICA, by Francis Hackett. McClelland and Stewart. \$2.65.

THE AMERICAN CENTURY, by Henry R. Luce. Oxford. \$1.25.

LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, by Lawrence Hunt. Putnam. \$2.00.

HERE in this group of books is an almost complete picture of the position of the United States today, her state of mind, her strategic situation between Hitler and Japan, and her preparations and plans to meet their challenge. All that is missing is a statement of the Wheeler-Lindbergh-Nye isolationist point of view; but apparently that is not a good enough selling proposition to justify a book these days.

Outstanding among this lot are Hanson Baldwin's sweeping review of America's whole military position, Captain Puleston's concise study of the situation in the Pacific vis-à-vis Japan, and Francis Hackett's brilliant analysis of *Mein Kampf*. "United We Stand" is not, however, without its defects. Anyone who reads Mr. Baldwin's daily military reviews in the *New York Times* must recognize that he is a hard and conscientious worker. But he often misses the feel of a situation. And he has a habit of giving an extreme maximum and an extreme minimum figure when estimating the strength of an army, navy or air force in question, rather than his own considered opinion. He is, moreover, something of a pessimist. I haven't quite forgiven him for virtually giving up Britain as lost in June, 1940. He commonly speaks of the war lasting another six or eight years; and in his book he admits that Hitler may

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

win this year. Perhaps he would prefer to call this "caution", rather than pessimism, but whatever it is, it is perfectly illustrated by his inclusion, all through this book, of Russia's strength in ships, men and planes along with that of Germany, Italy and Japan, as forming the "totalitarian" front; and his assumption that all six of Italy's battleships might still be fit to join in an Axis attack across the Atlantic.

But once you have Baldwin's slant you may trust him as one of the soundest and most industrious of American military writers. His book is a veritable encyclopaedia of the lessons to be drawn from the war to date, a plan for the defence of the United States, what she would be fighting for, her hemispheric problem, her enemies, the state of her army, navy and air forces, as well as of industry and finance, and a final "summation and forecast." As if that weren't good enough value, he adds a lengthy appendix containing tables of raw material sources, populations, naval strengths, and the progress of the U.S. armament program.

U.S. Naval Weaknesses

Since Mr. Baldwin is a navy man, and the United States has already entered a stage of limited naval participation in the war with Germany, and may be engaged in full-scale war with Japan at almost any time, it might be most worth while to review the naval section of "United We Stand." While declaring that "our future greatness lies on the water", and "the trident of world sea power is now passing to the United States", the writer does not begin his chapter with the categorical statement that the present U.S. Navy is the finest in the world. He admits that there are defects in nine of the fifteen U.S. battleships, five being of a rather serious nature. The three in the Atlantic are old, slow, and incompletely modernized. Five battleships of the Pacific Fleet never have been modernized, and another class

has had a not-too-successful job done on them. All-in-all, the present U.S. battle line is the slowest in the world. But it is one of the most rugged. "Our gunnery is excellent . . . and our fleet air arm unequalled." As to the personnel, it is in general excellent, though it does not always get the best of handling. "The American officer probably knows his job better than the officer of any other nation. Technically he is far more master of his ship than the British officer or, perhaps, the German. He is not so good a seaman as the British (though probably better than the German), nor does he have to the same degree the qualities of calm imperturbability and innate leadership."

A gigantic and unprecedented building program which is "beyond Britain's capacity to match" is to increase U.S. naval strength between 1940-47 from 15 battleships to 32, from 6 aircraft-carriers to 18, from 37 cruisers to 91, 159 destroyers to 364, 105 submarines to 185, 2,000 planes to 15,000, and 184,000 officers and men to half a million.

Mr. Baldwin is no raving Anglophile, but neither is there any reason to think him anti-British. His outspoken opposition to the transfer of so much of American plane production to Britain, for example, and especially of big bombers, is understandable from a professional point of view, and gives one an inkling of the resistance which President Roosevelt has had to overcome in carrying out his policy.

Strategy Towards Japan

A greater authority than Mr. Baldwin, Captain W. D. Puleston, former director of U.S. Naval Intelligence, expresses exactly the opposite view of the aid-to-Britain policy in his wholly admirable book, "The Armed Forces of the Pacific." This policy, while building up a huge plane production capacity in the United States, has prevented the U.S. air forces from becoming stocked up with obsolescent planes. In an easy, straightforward style which is also a model of brevity, Captain Puleston traces the rise of Japan, describes the Japanese and American naval organizations and the strategic position of the two rivals in the Far East, compares the strength of their fleets, and discusses just how they would be likely to conduct a war.

Once Washington decided to oppose Japan, the U.S. Fleet would steam at approximately 12½ knots directly for Manila, with a stop at Guam. This is a total distance of 4,767 miles, and would hence take about two and a half weeks. Guam, lying about two-thirds of the way along, is very important to Captain Puleston. It could be made as strong as Malta, be defended with relatively small forces, and make an excellent advance base for the fleet and for bombers operating against Japan, 1,500 miles away.

The American Fleet would seek battle as soon as possible, and a chance to end the war at a blow. The Japanese would have the choice of fighting a major engagement or allowing the Americans to reach a base in the Far East. In this decision the Japanese High Command would be tormented, as Jellicoe was at Jutland, by the realization that they could lose the war and their empire in an afternoon. The American commander need have no such concern, for his fleet belongs to a continental nation which can risk it in battle without jeopardizing the national security. The Japanese might therefore postpone the clash.

From Manila the Americans would then establish a blockade of Japan. The pressure of public opinion, as the blockade progressed, and attacks by American bombing planes on Japanese bases in the Inland Sea might force the Japanese commander to action. In Capt. Puleston's opinion the best way to make this a decisive action would be to go right after the Japanese capital ships with the aim of disabling some of them,



Radiophoto of the meeting between Russian Dictator Josef Stalin and Harry Hopkins, U.S. Lease-Lend Administrator, who flew to Moscow from London. Already the U.S. has diverted fighting planes to Russia with England's consent, for British emphasis is now on long range bombers.

and thus compelling their commander to stay and fight, or abandon an important part of his fleet strength. Only the destruction of the entire enemy fleet ought then to satisfy the American commander. Captain Puleston doesn't strike one as a vindictive man. He would not cut off Japan's raw material sources of livelihood. But if she persists in playing Germany's game he believes in bold methods of dealing with her. Nor has he the slightest doubt of the outcome. The national ambition of the "fecund, virile, courageous and acquisitive" Japanese people "was wisely limited by the leaders of the previous generation to the nation's strength. But if Japan now attempts to dominate the whole Far East she may overreach herself and burst like the bullfrog that attempted to become as large as an ox."

Mark J. Gayn's book, "The Fight for the Pacific", is an entirely different affair, a journalist's account of the whole political struggle and military development in the Far East during the past six to eight years. Born in Outer Mongolia, the son of a big lumberman, Mr. Gayn moved to Vladivostok in 1923 and Shanghai in 1926. There he was connected with English-language newspapers on and off for a decade; but from 1934-37 he was an editor with the semi-official Japanese news agency Domei, traveling throughout the Orient.

As his contribution to the question of how the U.S. and Japanese navies would proceed should war break out, Mr. Gayn quotes Admiral Suetsugu, "the probable Japanese commander in the next war." Suetsugu doubts if the U.S. Fleet would take the direct route from Pearl Harbor to Manila, via Guam, for this "would be like poking its nose into a trap: the vast network of Japan's island defenses." Suetsugu thinks that the U.S. Fleet would take the long way round via Australia to Singapore, and Gayn seems to agree with him that even this would be dangerous, as Singapore "might be easily reduced by the Japanese." The United States' own advanced Pacific bases are incomplete, the fleet would be in danger all through this area from Japanese submarine and bombing attack, and the U.S. west coast would be left uncovered from attack. Mr. Gayn is too pessimistic.

Army Versus Congress

General Palmer's "America in Arms" might almost better be called "The Struggle of the American Army with Congress". The general wants to see instituted the permanent militia of young men, serving a certain period each year between age 18-25, which Washington wanted in 1792. Had the United States had such a militia in 1939-40, it would have saved all the delay and political maneuvering over bringing in conscription, as he says. But is a slightly-trained militia really the answer to the modern mechanized attack? It seems to me that General de Gaulle had something very pointed to say about several years ago.

Away back in 1933 Wickham Stead did an analysis of Hitler and *Mein Kampf* for Britons, under the title "Hitler: Whence and Whither?" Its only fault was in appearing on the scene too soon. Now Francis Hackett, the well-known author of "Henry VIII", has done the job for Americans.

Mr. Hackett decided that he ought to know what is in *Mein Kampf*, so bought a copy in a drug store and sat down to read 100 pages a day until he had finished. He is the first person I have ever heard of who was able to bring himself to wade right through Adolf's tedious, ungrammatical ranting opus. Do try to get "What Mein Kampf Means to America" and read this brilliant critique of the madman who, while calling Germans "stupid" and "sheep-like", believed that by filling them with lies and the bigger the lie the more likely it was to be believed, he could make of them a master race which would conquer the world.

"The American Century"

One of the most powerful figures in America is Mr. Henry Luce, publisher of *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*. A few months ago he set down his vision of America's destiny in a long editorial in *Life* entitled "The American Century". This has now been reproduced in book form, with comments by Dorothy Thompson, Quincy Howe, John Chamberlain, Robert Spivack and Robert Sherwood. "This baffling, difficult, paradoxical, revolutionary century is America's first century as a world power. The leadership of the world is being thrust into her hands; she must grasp it, become internationally minded, and act (1), as 'the dynamic leader of world trade,' (2), as the training centre from which will go out to the world American technique and artistic skills, (3), as the 'Good Samaritan' who will give at least a tenth of what she spends today on arms 'in a gigantic effort to feed the world', and (4), as a 'powerhouse' to spread the ideals of freedom and justice throughout the world."

Dorothy Thompson signals this as "an American document", while Chamberlain (who works for Mr. Luce) disagrees fundamentally. Instead of an "American Century" he would like to see a century "in which people are left alone to pursue their own desires." In brief, he would like a Swedish Century.

With all due respect for Henry Luce and Dorothy Thompson, the most potent journalistic utterance by an American during the entire war has been, I think, the famous letter to the *New York Times*, in January, 1940, by the New York barrister Lawrence Hunt. As his publishers say it was reprinted throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain, and here it is, expanded and brought up-to-date in a small book. What Mr. Hunt does to the catch words, shibboleths and leaders of American isolationism is something wonderful and terrible!



Symbol of American friendship and co-operation is this American flag flying over a London building. Note other American flags in distance.

GERMANY and France signed an armistice thirteen months ago and fighting with armies stopped. But another battle between the two countries is being fought—the battle of the birthrates in which Germany's object is to ensure that not for many generations will France be again strong enough to face a war. The Nazis hope to ensure that France's population will diminish while Germany's steadily increases.

Two features of this struggle have recently been made public. One is the publication of a booklet by Himmler, head of the Gestapo, for the guidance of his Black Guards in which he insists upon the need for an increased birthrate to make good the German losses in battle. The other is the endeavor of the Vichy government to secure the release of some of the 1,500,000 young prisoners who Germany holds. Hitler promises Marlan that he would release some of the French prisoners in Germany, but those selected are to be veterans of the Great War and others over 40 years old. With far-seeing cunning he is determined that 1,500,000 potential fathers shall be isolated for as long as possible, thus crippling France's already diminishing birthrate and ensuring the future depopulation of the country.

Few realize the great changes in France's population which have already taken place. Whereas at the time of Napoleon, France was the most densely populated country in Europe, today she is the country with the largest proportion of old people. The Vichy government is often dubbed a "government of old men." In this sense it is characteristic of France. Even before the defeat fourteen per cent of France's population was over sixty. Deaths exceeded births in France by 12,000 in 1937, a year in which Britain's population increased by 126,000 and Germany's by 478,000.

This type of change tends to accelerate and was already noticeable in certain areas which were becoming depopulated or largely populated by the old, the middle-aged and the disabled. Hitler believes that he can rob the defeated country of its most precious asset, its children and ensure that it never becomes again a first-class nation. Even the feeble Vichy government has seen the danger and has not only tried to get back its young men, but has also published articles showing what may happen in the present circumstances.

To Compensate for Death

Medals in Germany the Nazi regime, from the beginning has done everything possible to stimulate the birthrate. It is re-doubling its efforts in an attempt to compensate for the fall in birthrate from death and disability on the battlefield heavier than the Germans care to admit—and for making up of millions of families as the result of soldiers being sent abroad. Himmler's pamphlet is cowardly to have only two children. The standard must be four or five. German women will be expected to make up for the blood lost on the battlefields and place at the disposal of our great Fuehrer Hitler the people he needs for his glorious task of unifying all Teutons. Marriage is not insisted upon. "These children are valuable members of the community..." emphasizes the pamphlet. Encouraging the birth of illegitimate children has been one of the Nazi birthrate campaign for some years. Today it has reached the point where advertisements in the press inserted by soldiers serving for the front anxious to have children and from fervent Nazis anxious to bear them. The soldiers are to prove that he is the father of an illegitimate child is given an allowance. These astonishing advertisements are wrapped up in the well-known "pure race" propaganda, but their meaning is clear.

To further the birthrate is simply an indication of war potential, an idea passed from Field Marshal von Mackensen who urged, in print, that it was not sufficient to defeat your enemies; you must also depopulate them at the same time increasing your own population. When Hitler came to power the German birthrate had fallen from 34.3 in 1901.5 to 14.7. All the showmanship of Nazi propaganda was used to whip it up.

The Battle of the Birthrates

BY DAVID G. JOHNSTON

Medals were to be awarded to mothers—gold for eight children, silver for six and bronze for four. Economic advantages were offered to parents. By 1937 the birthrate had risen to 18.8 (compared with 14.9 in Britain). The present renewed campaign is due to a decrease which began in Germany last spring. War always tends to lower birthrates, but the drop in Britain has been smaller than anticipated and last year was

higher than in the low level year of 1933. In Germany, apparently, the drop has been bigger than anticipated.

Experts have suggested that confidence in the future rather than economic bribes are a determining factor and this is borne out by many factors. Mussolini's gigantic campaign for more babies has not had the expected

results. Japan is worried about the rapid reduction in the margin between births and deaths since 1935 and is setting up a semi-official organization to deal with it.

It is fairly certain that "the battle of the birthrates" will play a big part in post-war affairs. France—too late had adopted an almost revolutionary "family code" before the war started and we may expect family allowances to become general.

Reasonable economic security is an essential background, but a change of heart as well as a change of circumstances plays its part in raising the birthrate. Parents are not likely to increase their families as a safeguard against future wars, but they may well do so in a world which seems secure. The wisest governments are not thinking in terms of soldiers when they seek to encourage larger families—all France's millions could not save her from the errors of an aged mentality resulting from an overlarge proportion of old people. And this, perhaps, is the crux of the matter.

WIFE TAKES A HOLIDAY!

Dear Betty

Here are some pictures to show you the good times I'm having this summer. I charge Bailey snapped them. She and I have been taking off all afternoon or so every week, and really doing the things we like. Yes, and I still do the family meal preparing! But, you see, these days I'm giving them the kind of meals they really enjoy in summer. They're simple, cool meals of salads or sandwiches and cold drinks—with Campbell's Soup for the one hot dish. I've never seen them go for food so eagerly in summer before! And with the hours I've saved I'm having the grandest summer I've spent in

A MEAL THAT SAVES THE DAY!

You can use your own ingenuity in creating many others like it—meals as delicious and refreshing, and as quickly prepared. But always rest assured you'll find a warm welcome for bright, nourishing bowls of Campbell's Soup as the one hot dish!

Campbell's Tomato Soup* (made as cream of tomato)
Cold cuts with watercress
Bread and butter sandwiches
Sliced peaches
Iced tea

*Made of plump, extra-luscious tomatoes, gently seasoned, and enriched with table butter. Add milk instead of water for a delightful cream of tomato.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Look for the Red and Yellow Labels

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN KITCHENS AT NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

WHAT may turn out to be one of the great basic production methods of tomorrow's world was discovered by a man whose very name has vanished into oblivion. This unknown did his remarkable work more than a hundred years ago. His invention came into practical use. It was dismissed as trivial. Yet his 18th century idea was in reality a complete blueprint for changing the course of industrial history.

It was a prediction carried into practice, accepted, and then ignored. This strange story turns a glaring beam of irony on the stupidity of man, of Man the Technician. As we shall see, there is a problem here for all who shake their heads at the spectacle of a species which cannot even remember its past while blundering painfully into the future.

Long, long ago, before there was a Tiffany's on Fifth Avenue and bald playboys to worry over price tags in its glittering windows, a very queer craft was practiced in the land of the Czars. Russian workmen used to make stovepipes (this is true) out of platinum. There was no other use

for the stuff. It was only when chemists took an interest in platinum laboratory dishes that the metal acquired value. When platinum became a jeweller's treasure, many a muzhik's hut was raided by frantic junk men.

While platinum was only "Pt" in the scientist's catalogue, our unknown revolutionist began trying to form and shape it. The pale moonlight metal resisted forge and hammer, because it softened only at very high temperatures and easily became brittle. Then came the discovery. Why it happened we can't even guess.

That forgotten metallurgist took some platinum dust, prepared by separating the metal from chemical

THE SCIENCE FRONT

Industry's Gathering Dust Storm

BY H. DYSON CARTER

solution. He pressed the powder into small billets. Then he heated it. An astonishing change took place. Long before the platinum dust got hot enough to melt it seemed to melt. It shrank and became pliable. Hit with a hammer, the billet behaved somewhat as red-hot iron behaves on the anvil. It could be worked. Heated and pounded several times the platinum powder changed into a dense, strong, ductile metal which could be shaped as easily as copper.

Here was a discovery of first importance. Outside the little platinum trade it remained unknown, though chemists and metal men heard of it.

Steel Age Zenith

The gap that followed was a hundred years wide. In that time the Steel Age reached its zenith. The Age of All Metals dawned. Countless brain and hand workers solved innumerable metallurgical problems, monstrous furnaces and mills rose to mock Vulcan himself. And no one remembered about platinum dust.

In the electric lamp industry they were changing over from Edison's famous thread glow-wire to wires made of the metal tungsten. Tungsten proved to be the toughest of all metals to work. Someone thought of the platinum trick. It worked. Pure tungsten dust, pressed and heated and hammered, changes into a coherent mass that can be drawn into the finest of wires.

But even the blinding light of super lamps could not wake the faintest answering gleam in technical minds. Regard the situation! The lamp people were using on a mass scale a process that vastly simplified and cheapened the handling of a difficult metal. Why not other metals. There is no record of the question being raised.

Awakening came from three remotely different directions at once. First, in the machinery world. Radical experiments with dry anti-friction bearings showed how powdered metal could be mixed with powdered graphite (the slippery stuff in pencil "leads") and pressed into solid form, without melting. Second, in the field of abrasives. Carrying the practice of molding grindstones a step further, abrasive men made sharp cutting tools (the knives that slice and carve up steel) by pressing carbide powders into desired shapes. Third, in electrical equipment. Here tiny metal contacts were produced, superior to any known, by mixing metal powders and hammering them solid.

Revolutionary Methods

By now the revolutionary nature of all this should be evident. Instead of laboriously changing metal ores into workable form, then melting the mass, then treating it to get wanted properties, then casting, remelting or forging or heat-treating and machining it over and over—in place of all this the metal powder could be produced from the ore and directly pressed into any wanted shape ready for use!

Dr. Gregory J. Comstock, a world authority on powder metallurgy, remarks thus: "The products were first received by industry with an amount of incredulity and reserve which very nearly amounted to suspicion, and which was most naturally engendered by their surprising performance and the novelty of manufacture."

"Most naturally"! This is a dark commentary on the technical mind. Conservatism in the form of industrial disease. If the paper plans of "Technocracy" need any damnation, here it is. Let our battered politicians take heart. And in the New World about which we hear so much, God save us from the "radicalism" of technicians. Only give society over to the Dictatorship of the Expert and

humanity will be preserved forever in *status quo*, as the ancient mammoths were frozen in Siberian ice.

Maybe there is an explanation why the course of powdered metals has run so long and hard. Most likely is the fact that the whole business is a mystery. To some scientists, anything that cannot be explained smacks of religion. And surely metal dusts are still handled mainly by faith. No one knows why they work.

We are reminded of the inventor who was summoned by Napoleon to explain how his weaving device worked. The Emperor thundered: "Dare you claim to do what God Almighty himself cannot do . . . tie a knot in a stretched string?" Said the quailing mechanic: "God must be able to do it because only He could show me how!"

Rise of Powdered Metals

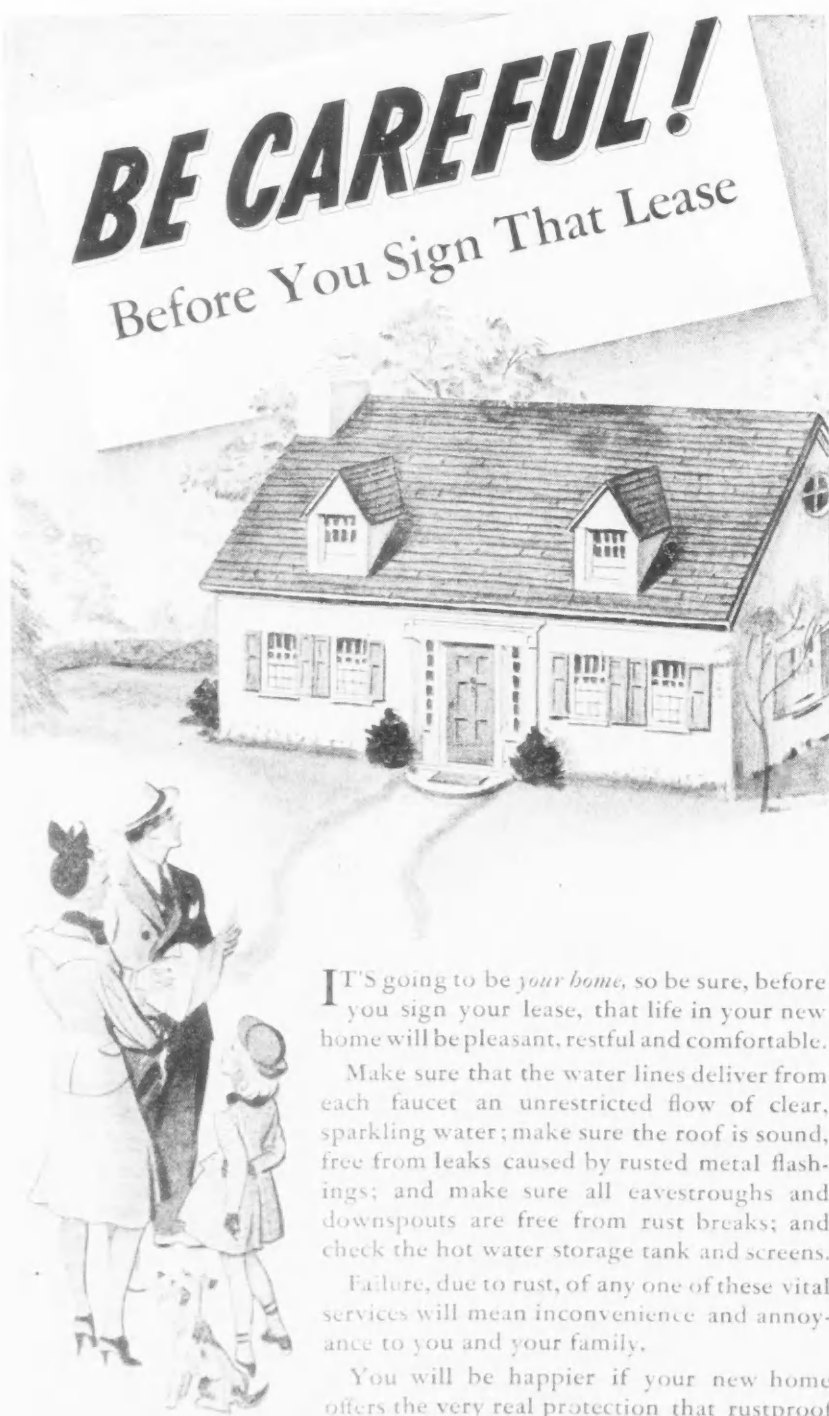
Powdered metals rose over opposition by climbing the hard side of the research mountain. In 1929 the National Radiator Company began experiments with a view to making radiators by electro-deposition (plating the iron on to forms instead of casting it). Little came of this. By the way a very pure form of iron powder was prepared. About a decade ago this powder jumped across the 125-year mental gap. Suddenly the industrial world was presented with the amazing possibility of making the most intricate finished iron and steel articles directly from iron and steel dust.

Two Institutes of Technology (Stevens and Massachusetts) are now busy perfecting and extending the revolutionary technique. We have space only for the briefest glimpse of what has come and is coming.

Certain automobile gears were formerly made by cutting teeth in cast iron blanks, using a complex shaping machine, slow and costly. Far better gears are now turned out by pressing steel powder into a sintered mold, in a sure, fast operation. This general method has been in use for years in Germany and Russia, eliminating the famous machine tool bottleneck. It is rumored that tanks and planes being hurled into the inferno of the eastern front are largely made from molded metal parts. On this continent experimental armor sheet steel has been made by similar processes. And we are only catching up with the St. Germans.

Dr. Harvey N. Davis, president of Stevens Institute, opens the vista of industrial powders with an imagined airplane engine muffler valve. This he says might be made in a single blow, of three different dusts poured into a mold. One dust would give a hard-wearing valve stem, the second a cap resistant to hot gases, the third a special face composed of metal to make and retain a perfect seal in the valve seat. Thus any metal article could be produced, almost as easily as paper, tacks are stamped out . . . of any alloys, for purposes limited only by imagination.

What has already been described is largely secret, because of the war. Said Dr. Comstock some time ago: "I believe that the art and science of powder metallurgy is as yet unborn." We shall not hear details of its birth until Hitlerism is destroyed. Metal dust clouds loom darkly over battle fronts.



BE CAREFUL!
Before You Sign That Lease

IT'S going to be *your home*, so be sure, before you sign your lease, that life in your new home will be pleasant, restful and comfortable.

Make sure that the water lines deliver from each faucet an unrestricted flow of clear, sparkling water; make sure the roof is sound, free from leaks caused by rusted metal flashings; and make sure all eavestroughs and downspouts are free from rust breaks; and check the hot water storage tank and screens.

Failure, due to rust, of any one of these vital services will mean inconvenience and annoyance to you and your family.

You will be happier if your new home offers the very real protection that rustproof metals afford. Look for a plumbing installation of copper tube or brass pipe; a hot water storage tank of non-rust Everdur metal; flashings, eavestroughs and downspouts of rustless copper; and screens of durable bronze wire.

Send for our Free booklet, "Copper, Brass and Bronze Throughout Your Home." Use it as a guide whether you are renting a house or an apartment. Especially, if you are building your own home, follow its counsel.

Anaconda
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HOW A BETTER GOLF BALL IS MADE!

NORTH BRITISH
Perfected Product of Scottish Skill

Underneath the cover of white Balata is a layer of "live" rubber. It's made by a combination process of hand and mechanical winding that gives the ball greater resiliency and insures the absolute sphericity essential for straight flight and true putting. A special Unit-Weld process actually welds the cover and the winding of the ball so that the two cannot be separated. The "anti-frictional" supercharged core is in dead true centre—gives perfect balance and flight.

It All Adds Up To
Greater Distance! Greater Accuracy!
Greater Controllability!

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14 separate inspections guarantee the quality of the world's finest ball.

NORTH BRITISH
IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAND

Washington, D.C.

ONE of the minor grievances I have against Herr Hitler is that he has deprived me of the cloak of my past life and the privacy of my present. I have had to register with various authorities so many times my life is an open book—as wide open as a leg-art magazine at a downtown news-stand.

Herr Hitler has created such confusion and suspicion in this world that governments have to check carefully at the residents within their borders. I have been summoned to register as an alien in this country. Having answered the necessary questions, I am called upon to undergo more interrogation under the provisions of the Selective Service Act. If I plan to write an article dealing with the foreign situation or with domestic politics, I must register with the State Department as a foreign propaganda agent. To get a re-entry permit for the United States (when I visit Canada) I must fill out forms several miles long.

SOME of the questions I have been called upon to answer are most embarrassing. One kindly gentleman behind a desk asked me, for instance, if I were particularly talented in any field of endeavor. To ask a columnist such a question is the height of futility. Is there a columnist alive who is not convinced he is a genius in practically every line of endeavor?

This, indeed, is the whole secret of successful column-writing. You tell Sherwood how to write his plays. You castigate Roosevelt for making such silly errors in his foreign policy. You advise Willkie how to run a power company. You suggest to Adlai how he should design clothes for Jean Crawford. You drop a hint to Rockefeller on how to make a few extra pennies and you tell Garbo she stinks. That is a columnist.

Imagine, then, my embarrassment when the gentleman behind the desk asked me if I were particularly talented in any field of endeavor. He might as well have asked the sun if it were able to compete with a 50-watt Mazda lamp.

THE registrar didn't have an easy time with me. He wanted to know when I hang my hat when I am in the United States. The answer was a little complicated. When I am not in New York I may quite possibly be in Hollywood; that is, when I am not in Washington or Philadelphia, and except on those occasions when I dash to Chicago to do a series. If I cannot be found in any of these cities, they might look for me in Boston or Detroit, perhaps in El Paso.

The gentleman was most patient. He turned carefully to my list of residences during the year, then suggested that he append a pocket edition of a Rand McNally atlas to that part of the questionnaire which deals with whereabouts.

There was one time during my answer to this question when the gentleman behind the desk looked as though he were thoroughly willing to suggest a place where I should reside permanently.

There was some confusion when I was asked about my health. Am I in good physical condition? Well, yes. My intestinal fortitude is unquestioned. From behind the barriers of my typewriter I have attacked such doughty opponents as public opinion, Garbo, Shirley Temple and "the politicians". My column has challenged opponents to fight at four hundred mph or more any time, any place. I have even made typographical errors at George Raft at a distance of 3,000 miles.

The registrar was not impressed. He asked if I take exercise. Well, yes. I walk from the curb into a taxi several times during an evening, and have gone as far as to climb into an upper berth when there were no lowers available. I also added that the middle part of my right arm is well developed as a result of constant elbow exercise.

THE most exciting part of the questioning came when the registrar wanted to know something about my ideological preferences. Did I approve or disapprove of democracy? What did I think of Herr Hitler?

I submit this is a dangerous ques-

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Hitler Has Ruined Privacy

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

tion to ask a man who has been writing his opinions daily for six years. One might as well ask Milton Berle if he can tell jokes.

Long-winded by training and inclination, I started at the Munich beer hall in 1923. I discussed the growth of Nazism, the death of the League,

the late Senator Borah, Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain, Herriot, Blum, Daladier, Reynaud, Petain and Bonnet. I traced the foreign policy of the United States from James Monroe to

Franklin Roosevelt—and back again in order to make clear some important lessons. I discussed the war of 1812, and Hearst's part in the Spanish-American fracas.

Indeed, I was about to bring my argument to a head when I discovered that the registrar was not

there. He had sneaked away under cover of my fiery eloquence for a short beer or a rest or something.

IN ANY case, there is now nothing about myself that this government does not know—except possibly the details of a party I had on the New Year's Eve of 1930. The man did not ask me what I was doing on the night of December 31, 1929, and I thought I could legally cling to that little secret and keep it for all time.

Otherwise the Government knows everything about my past and future including, I suppose, the name of the nursing home to which I will be recommended if I persist in writing columns like this one.

GO 50/50 WITH OUR FIGHTING FORCES!

Keep 'em Rolling



17 easy ways towards a 50% GASOLINE SAVING

(Approved by Automobile Experts)

- Reduce driving speed from 60 to 40 on the open road.
- Avoid jack-rabbit starts.
- Avoid useless or non-essential driving.
- Turn motor off when not in use; do not leave idling.
- Don't race your engine; let it warm up slowly.
- Don't strain your engine; change gears.
- Keep carburetor cleaned and properly adjusted.
- Tune up motor, timing, etc.
- Keep spark plugs and valves clean.
- Check cooling system; overheating wastes gasoline.
- Maintain tires at right pressure.
- Lubricate efficiently; worn engines waste gasoline.
- Drive in groups to and from work.
- Use one car for alternate days.
- For golf, picnics and other outings, use one car instead of four.
- Take those short shopping trips ON FOOT and carry parcels home.
- Walk to and from the movies.
- Boat owners, too, can help by reducing speed.

Your regular service station man will gladly explain these and other ways of saving gasoline. Consult him.

You can help keep our mechanized army rolling; our munitions plants functioning; our corvettes at sea and the planes of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan in the air, by cutting your gasoline consumption. This saving is vital; and it becomes increasingly urgent as tanker after tanker is diverted for overseas service.

You can help immediately in many practical ways. First pledge yourself to a 50% saving. Then look after your car... keep it in good condition so that you may get more miles out of every gallon of gas you MUST use. Take turns with your neighbours driving to work so that one car does the work of four. Shop on foot. Walk to the movies. Drive only when absolutely necessary. The list shown here gives other hints. Follow it and a 50% saving is easy.

It is also vitally important that you reduce the use of domestic and commercial fuel oil.

REMEMBER: The slower you drive, the more you save!

The Government of the DOMINION OF CANADA

Acting through:
THE HONOURABLE C. D. HOWE, Minister of Munitions and Supply
G. R. COTTRELL, Oil Controller for Canada

Spare and Share your Gasoline for VICTORY!

IN SOME ways the defection of the main force of the German drive from Moscow towards the Ukraine is a confession of failure. For there is considerable evidence that Hitler, despite Napoleon's experience, hoped after winning a smashing military victory on the Central Front to win a big political victory in Moscow, through the collapse of the Stalin regime and the setting up of a Quisling Government which would run the country in his interests. Communiques from the Fuehrer's headquarters in the early days of the campaign telling of Red Army units revolting "wholesale" against "the bloodthirsty Stalinist tyranny" clearly

**DID YOU KNOW
THE CLARK'S HOME BURNED
DOWN LAST NIGHT?**

**YES! AND THEY ONLY
HAD \$2,000 INSURANCE
ON EVERYTHING**

Are YOU in the same position as the Clark's?

What percentage of the real value of your home and household effects is covered by fire insurance? Many people, as years go by, increase their personal possessions without thinking to increase their insurance. Now is the time to check up—not when the day of reckoning comes.

Figure out carefully HOW MUCH insurance will be required to cover ALL your loss in case of a bad fire. THEN, choose a STRONG COMPANY to insure in—one that can offer you sound and accurate insurance.

From Strength to Strength for over 100 years

For more than 100 years GORE has been the choice of Canadians. Today, over 30,000 of them have policies in GORE, to the total amount of over \$80,000,000. Sound business methods, steady growth, have made GORE one of the strongest fire companies in the continent.

Consult your local GORE Agent. He will advise you on the best way to obtain adequate coverage at minimum cost.

Also Automobile, Personal Property, Home Plate Glass and Workmen's Compensation.

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THE HITLER WAR

The Battle of the Ukraine

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

ly revealed these hopes, and undoubtedly the solidity of the Stalin regime, the loyalty and tenacity of the Red Army, and the efficient carrying out of the Scorched Earth policy have been a big shock to the German leader.

In carrying the battle into the Ukraine Hitler takes the chance that the rich resources which he hoped to take over through a victory in Moscow may be largely destroyed. His immediate purpose must therefore be to deprive the Red Army of them, and thus strike a heavy blow. This must be taken as a very serious threat. Since war today is fought with iron and aluminum, the loss of two-thirds of the Soviet Union's iron production and three-quarters of its aluminum production must quickly reduce the weight of its blows. All this, as well as a third of Russia's hydro-electric power, a third of her manganese production, and an important part of her machine-tool industry, lies within the bend of the lower Dnieper. Only 150 miles beyond the river lie the Donetz Basin, source of two-thirds of Russia's coal and half her steel, and Kharkov, with her greatest tank factory and other important heavy industries.

Towards Baku Oil

The Ukraine thus presents the Germans with a valuable and concentrated objective, which would offer some immediate profit to them (manganese and grain) and be a grievous loss to the Russians. The Ukraine is also close at hand; its occupation represents a far smaller task than that of the great region around Moscow, and offers the possibility of a succession of victory communiques. Further, it is more suitable than the central and northern fronts for winter operations, and leads towards Transcaucasia and the great Baku oilfield, possibly the most important single objective of Hitler's Russian War.

It behooves Hitler to hurry on with the conquest of the Caucasus, before Britain and Russia arrange a joint defence here. There are a lot of things about Wavell, his move to India, and recent events in Iran which would fit into such a picture. General Wavell campaigned in Persia during the Great War, and was British military attaché with the Russian armies in the Caucasus during 1916-17. He was moved to the Indian Command just a week after Hitler launched his drive into Russia, and Iraq and Iran were transferred with him, from Middle Eastern Command. Ever since then strong Anglo-Russian pressure has been exerted on the Shah's Government to rid Iran of the excessive number of German "commercial travelers" and "tourists" who have flocked to that country during the past year or two.

Germany, desperately anxious to preserve this last foothold in the Middle East, to hold open this passageway to India against the time when she arrives in the Caucasus, and prevent the British from using it to reinforce and supply the Russians, has threatened Teheran with dire retribution should it lay hands on its German residents. Teheran is naturally trying to decide whose threats are the most to be feared; but it seems that the strength of Russian resistance to the German drive and our clean-up of Syria and Iraq will decide the issue in our favor. A recently completed railway runs across Iran from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea. Supplies and men could be sent by this route. Planes could be flown from Mosul to Soviet Armenia, a 250-mile hop which any fighter could make.

To return to present military developments on the Russian Front: whilst the most important Russian reserves were being thrown into the Smolensk sector, the Germans appear to have assembled many of theirs,

together with equipment scraped up from their establishments all over Eastern Europe, 300-400 miles further south. Fed by the main railways from Silesia through Lwow, and from Warsaw through Luck, railways which it may be assumed the Germans have now restored to fairly efficient operation a double-pronged offensive has been launched which appears to have chewed deeply into the Western Ukraine.

One arm is proceeding through Bel Tserkov, the other from Berdichev through Uman. The Bel Tserkov drive appears to have split again, one part crossing, or attempting to cross, the Dnieper just south of Kiev, and the other proceeding down the western bank of the big river towards the important machine-building, metallurgical and hydro centers of Dneprodzerzhinsk, Dnepropetrovsk, Dneproges and Zaporozhe. The Uman drive, too, has split, one section driving down each side of the River Bug, the first towards the ship-building center and naval base of Nikolaiev, the second towards Odessa, which is also a subsidiary naval base.

Selecting a more limited territory, the Germans are thus again attempting to put on a blitzkrieg in Russia, trying to slice up the whole section of the Ukraine within the lower Dnieper bend, paralyze resistance there and annihilate the large Soviet forces which held the Dniester Line and the strongly fortified gap extending up through Novograd Volynsk to the Pripet Marshes. The drive down between the Dniester and Dnieper, anticipated by this correspondence some weeks ago, is being assisted by strong pressure all along the Dniester by German-Rumanian forces, which appear to have crossed the river in several places.

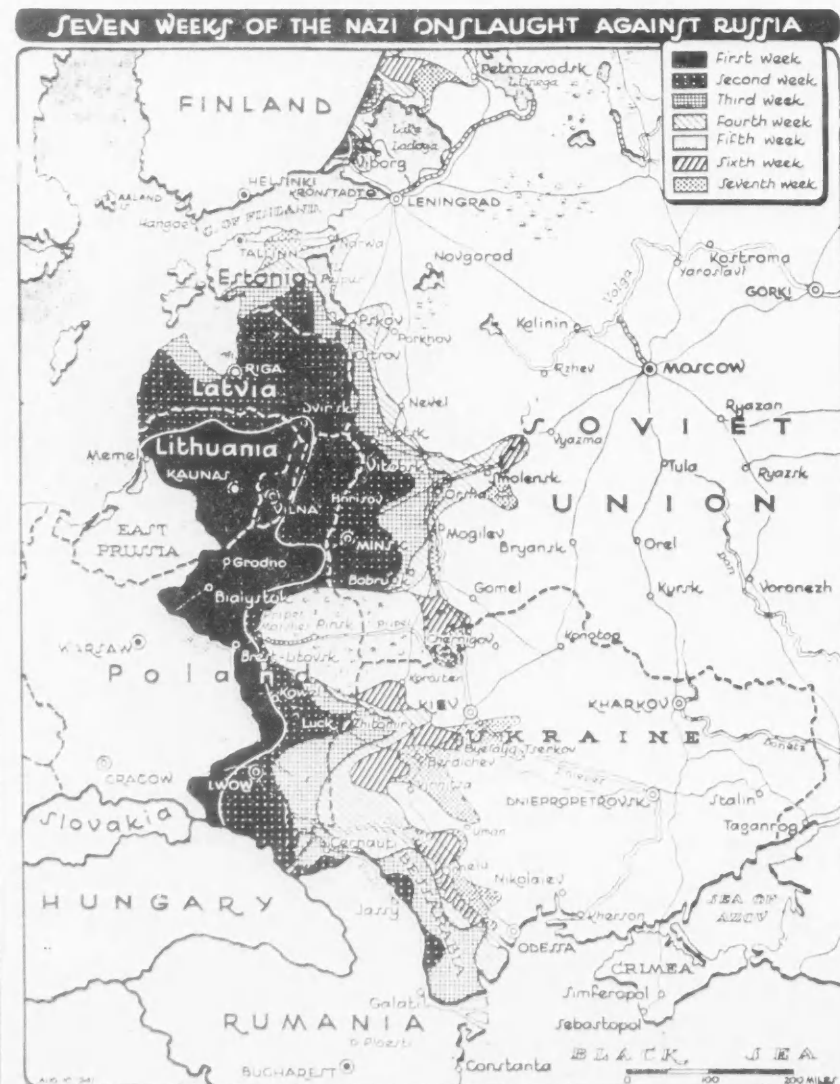
Odessa may therefore be surrounded in the near future, and

Nikolaiev reached by the German advance forces. Experience to date makes it doubtful, however, whether the Germans can hold a line 250 miles long from Berdichev to Nikolaiev strongly enough to trap all the Soviet forces within it. As elsewhere, a large proportion of the Soviet troops will fight their way out, while others will be left in the bunker fortifications of the Dniester Line intentionally, to distract and absorb the energy of the German offensive. If the Germans turn and attempt to these, the Russian Command may have time to bring up reserves in front of Krivoi Rog (the iron center) and the Dnieper cities. If the Germans ignore these marooned forces and press on to exploit their victory, the latter will roam the back area, split up into guerrilla bands and lay havoc with communications.

Leningrad a Fortress

Kiev, too, appears to be imminently threatened with encirclement by a German drive across the river south of the city, another from the direction of Korosten, to the north-west, and a less noticed advance down the Dnieper from the region of Bobruisk, perhaps as far as the junction with the Pripet. If surrounded, the city will probably hold out for some time, as Minsk and Smolensk did. Leningrad continues ever more endangered by drives from four directions; but it is an immensely strong position. From all accounts the whole Leningrad military district has been converted into a virtual fortress during the past several years, when the German intrigues in the Baltic States and Finland became evident. The Germans still have a long way to go before they can close their lines between Lake Peipus, Lake Ilmen and Lake Ladoga, and it, and when they do, they will not be able to hold the million or more Soviet troops within.

Meanwhile off in the far corner of Estonia a strong remnant of the Soviet Baltic Army is playing a Tobruk role, distracting the Germans from pressing on through Narva against Leningrad and the naval base of Kronstadt. The large islands of Dagoe and Oesel off the Estonian



Shaded areas indicate roughly the weekly progress of Nazi armies into Russia. There is no fixed front. Battles rage behind Nazi spearheads.

Map by New York Times

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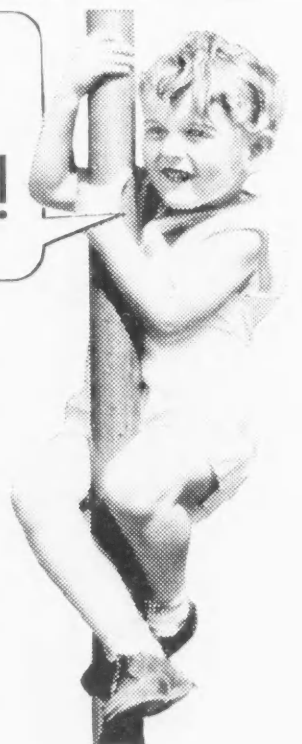
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coast have also remained, almost unnoticed, in Soviet hands; and Stockholm reports, what I surmised at the time, that the Russian bombing attacks on Berlin are being made from these island bases. Two squadrons of four-engined planes, far from being as fast or powerful as British or American types, appear to be engaged in these raids, flying down the middle of the Baltic and so crossing Reich territory for barely 100 miles. The round-trip is only slightly longer than that of the RAF from East Angles.

It is not likely that the weight of these Russian attacks on Berlin is, or will be, very heavy. But the Nazis have given the best proof we could wish that they fear the moral effect on their people of being bombed from both sides, by announcing that the raids were British. With their listening posts the Germans would know perfectly well from which direction the planes approached and by which direction they departed.

By way of answer, the Nazis have intensified their raids on Moscow. The Soviet reports of these raids, saying that of 150 planes only a half dozen were able to reach the centre of the city, and that up to 10 per cent of the attackers have been shot down by A.A. and night fighter defences, have been a little hard to believe. In their last great raid on London, on May 10, the Germans were able to put hundreds of planes over the city and only an estimated 10 per cent were shot down by the highly developed and experienced British defences. *New York Times* correspondent C. L. Sulzberger has been striving to give a more accurate account since his arrival in Moscow a fortnight ago. At the end of last week he described the raids on Moscow and Leningrad as "relatively light and unsuccessful," but early this week managed to intimate that they were becoming more severe, that big fires had been set, that the main attack was purposely on the outskirts, where the great factories are located, but that the city remains "surprisingly intact."

A Real World War

More than ever, the war appears as a world war this week. Japan threatens in the Far East. American soldiers are reinforced in Iceland. Further Nazi plots have been discovered in South America. Vichy may allow the Germans into coveted Dakar. Australian leaders tell the nation it is in the greatest danger in its history.

Warned by Washington and London, and most earnestly by her own minister in Washington, Japan appears nevertheless determined to press on with her conquest of "Greater East Asia." About the only question left is whether she will move first to the south, in Thailand, or to the north, against Vladivostok. She may move in both directions at once, but for the present in such a way as to still avoid open war with Britain, and above all with the United States. In the north her action might be confined to blockading the narrow straits through which American arms shipments must pass to reach Vladivostok. It is said that fighter planes, released by Britain, are already on their way. Should Japan stand idle and watch the threat to her tinder cities, which Vladivostok's air power represents, being further strengthened? Will the closing of the straits be sufficient to bring a declaration of war from the United States? Apparently her leaders do not think so. Nor do they seem to believe that occupation of Manilla would stir the United States to war, and probably argue that whatever she may say, Britain will not act without the support of the American Fleet. And London has not yet declared in plain language that it would fight a move into Thailand.

Common action in the Far East, common aid to Russia and a joint policy towards Vichy would be likely subjects for a meeting between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt—a meeting still rumored but not yet confirmed at the beginning of the week.

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What Should Be Done With Hitler After the War?

THE five-dollar prize for the suggestion "most worthy of serious attention" as to what should be done with Adolf Hitler when he has been conquered is awarded to James H. Gray, of Winnipeg, a member of the staff of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. Mr. Gray's entry is as follows:

"The real solution must be one which will not debase those who inflict it and will at the same time completely deflate and discredit the Nazi leaders and their system. What, then, about shipping the whole caboodle to Devil's Island for life?"

"A nice, sanitary prison should be built for them, and in it they should be given the maximum of freedom. Each inmate would be given a bed, a chair, a knife, a fork, a spoon, a cup and a wash bowl. They would

be given adequate supplies of tobacco (Hitler hates the stuff), and Herr Goebbels could even have his morphine. And they would be adequately supplied with ersatz food.

"Having provided them with these necessities, we should demand something of them in return. The first requirement would be that they would have to take care of them, for these supplies would have to last them a lifetime. If Hitler felt a rage coming on and started smashing his bed, he would be unrestrained. Having smashed it he could sleep out his life sentence on the stone floor.

"No laws of good conduct would be imposed upon them. If they got mad at each other and wanted to fight they would be permitted to do so. For recreation, they would be pro-

vided with books to read, but the library would be limited to books written by Nazis about Nazism. For a half-hour each day they would be entertained with Nazi music, and the Horst Wessel song would be played every hour, on the hour. During the balance of the day a loud-speaker would bring them the news of the world. They would be permitted to receive no mail nor to send any. The news of their adventures would be broadcast to the world every week, and translated into every European language. If Hitler was murdered by Himmler in a fight over a domino game, the world would get all the details. And what would the news that Rudy Hess, having thrown his plate at the cook, was now eating from his wash basin, do to the myth of Nazi supermen? It would turn it into a cosmic joke.

"To throw 2,000 Nazi bigwigs into the same prison, with no other company but their own and with nothing but time on their hands, would seem to be an ideal solution. And it would have the merit of being a solution which would be less acceptable to

Hitler and all his gang should be placed in a single prison with no other company but their own, nothing but time on their hands, and with only Nazi books and Nazi music.

Hitler should be given transfusions of Jewish blood.

Hitler should be boiled in oil. Alternatively or conjunctively (we don't know which), he should be cut into pieces not more than one inch square.

These are readers' suggestions in response to Saturday Night's recent invitation to say what should be done with Hitler when we've got him. Prize winning and other selections are presented herewith.

them than any other, even death. It is presented, free, gratis and for nothing to Messrs. Churchill, King and Roosevelt."

The five-dollar prize for the suggestion "most likely to interest and entertain our readers" is awarded to R. L. W. Ritchie, Aviation Research Laboratory, 102 St. George Street, Toronto, and brevity is a large factor in the decision. The suggestion is as follows:

"The problem of Hitler's disposal after the war is an easy one. Simply give him a transfusion of good Jewish blood, and he'll hate himself to death."

We present herewith a very variegated selection of other suggestions. The serious ones come first. Major-General J. A. Gunn, Toronto, writes: "That Hitler, with his beastly conferees, must be liquidated none will gainsay."

"This can best be brought about by the Allies insisting that Hitler first be tried by a German Court in which his wrong doings to the German people be exposed."

"This should be followed by another trial in which all the nations who have suffered through Hitler and his gang should submit evidence."

"That Hitler will be found guilty goes without saying. The executioners to do the job at the block should be German people."

P. W. LUCE, our valued British Columbia contributor, writes: "Stick him in a verminous cell. Have him looked after by Jews, Poles, Czechoslovaks, Austrians, and Democratic Germans who survived two years or more in concentration camps run by the Gestapo, whose memories are long and whose muscular reflexes have miraculously survived."

"Day after day, night after night, let moving pictures flicker on the walls showing the destruction of German cities, the scuttling of German ships, and the smashing of the German Luftwaffe by the R.A.F."

"Let *Mein Kampf* be his only reading matter."

"Hour after hour, let gramophone records blare forth his own blatant speeches predicting speedy victory for Germany, and ultimate world domination by the Nazis. At the end of each speech the cultured voice of Anthony Eden would interject: "Oh, Yeah!" with the proper inflection."

"On Visitors' Days he would be permitted to receive Hess, Thyssen, Stalin, Ernest Udet, and others whom he had loved awhile, and then double-crossed. The visitors might observe the customary amenities, or not, as they choose."

A. G. Wynne Field, Thistletown, Ont., writes: "Hitler erred by believing the British decadent. I would imprison him on an island with none but cultured, kindly and considerate Britons to look after his welfare. Sufficient dapper, efficient, well-trained young British soldiers, sailors, and airmen would be on hand to prevent his escape. Lord Halifax would make a splendid majordomo (if he didn't lose his temper too much as at Berchtesgaden), with Sir Kingsley Wood, say, as butler. An occasional glimpse of the British Grand Fleet on manoeuvres would help him

get his egotism better balanced, especially if a few bombing squadrons flew over the island occasionally. I wouldn't have the island too far from a mainland because, remember, he is used to being frustrated by a narrow strip of water. Once a month he must make a speech to the German people, saying what he likes, provided he prefaces the speech with 'German people, this is your Austrian Fuehrer speaking from his island prison at H— where he is enjoying a visit with the decadent British.' Oh yes, one hour a day he should be in a room made of looking glasses where he could admire himself just as long as he felt inclined."

W. J. Maguire, 216 Poplar Crescent, Saskatoon, writes: "While sitting at the breakfast table with my family discussing this very matter, each one of my children had a different solution to the problem. One was that Hitler should be boiled in oil, another that he should be marooned alone on an island, a third that he should be cut into pieces, not more than one inch square."

"Our maid, a fine good-looking buxom Irish girl, who happened to be listening to the conversation, finally spoke up and said: 'Och, 'tis not half bad enough for him, I'd marry him!'"



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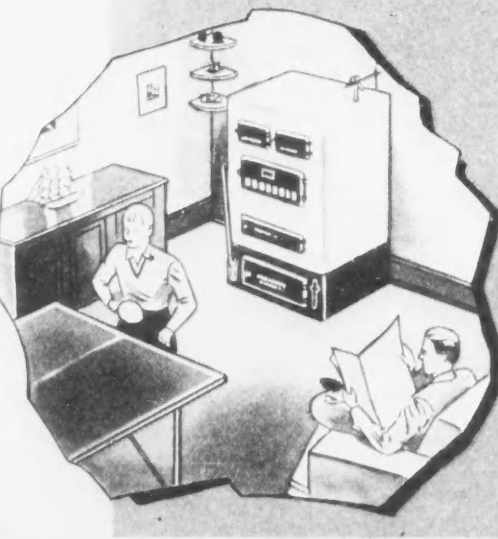
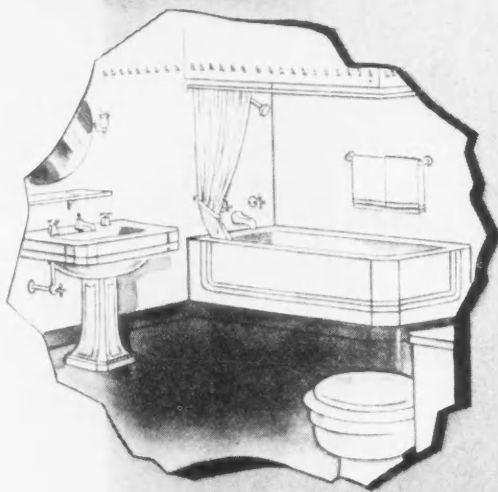
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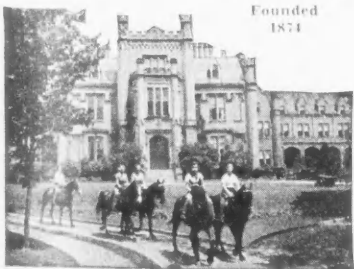
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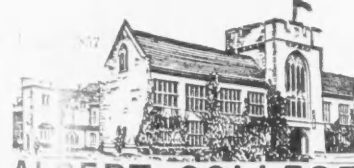


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Sentiment and British Novels

THE BLIND MAN'S HOUSE, by Hugh Walpole. McClelland & Stewart. \$3.00.

CHAFFINCH'S, by H. W. Freeman. Macmillan. \$2.50.

PEONIES AND PONIES, by Harold Acton. Macmillan. \$2.50.

FOR almost 200 years now the British novel has faithfully mirrored the innumerable aspects of the British character. Sometimes British novels are brilliant; sometimes they are deep; sometimes they are merely worthy. But unless they are written by complete dullards they tell us something which helps to explain the enigma of that island people which is made up of so many very different races. None of the three authors whose work is reviewed here is a dullard; they all write with unusual perception and a high degree of technical mastery. What links them together is that all three are English and all three are sentimentalists.

Now there is nothing whatever wrong with being a sentimentalist. The result of being sentimental, like playing the violin, depends entirely upon who is doing it. It may positively be a virtue in a novelist to be sentimental, for it gives him a springboard from which he may, as it were, leap upon his subject. The sentimental novelist, also, may be sure of pleasing sentimental readers, whose number is limitless. The only flaw in this: the odds are very heavily against the chance that a sentimental novelist will propound any great truth or shed new light upon any problem of human character, and that is what every novelist worth his salt wants to do. His sentimentality will be at once his best friend and his worst enemy as an artist.

THE late Hugh Walpole was a sentimentalist, and it was that quality which was responsible for some of his best work. His books, apart from their value as excellent fiction, were very satisfactory reading because of the sympathy and fondness for the foibles of common humanity which showed clearly in them. But there was one aspect of life which completely eluded this gifted novelist; he seemed to know nothing about love, and whenever he tried to write about it he muffed it. That is the fault of *The Blind Man's House*. The theme is the second marriage of a man of wealth, who has lost his sight, to a woman fifteen years younger than himself, and of a wayward character. The background is filled in with a thousand admirable details. The villagers who are 'supporting characters' in this drama could hardly be better, but Julius Cromwell and his wife are never convincing in the relationship which is the theme of the novel.

Sir Hugh has tried to obscure this central fault with a great deal of writing which he doubtless thought deeply psychological, but which only seems to make the confusion worse. Why the wife deceives her blind husband when she obviously loves him remains a mystery. His blindness is supposed to have something to do with it but the matter is never satis-

factorily cleared up. It is a pity that the last work of Hugh Walpole should have been on a theme which was not really congenial to his talent, but his facility and variety as a novelist have rarely been shown to better effect. The book is well worth reading, though it is not Hugh Walpole at the top of his form.

AS Hugh Walpole wrote sentimentally rather than greatly about love because he seemed unwilling to face certain elementary facts about it, so H. W. Freeman writes sentimentally about farming because he refuses to face certain elementary facts about that. Anyone who has known such a person feels admiration and humility in the presence of a farmer who really loves his land as though it were the better part of himself. But it has to be admitted that these farmers are often the least progressive, and cannot understand that the Industrial Revolution (still in action) has changed farming from an art, a philosophy and an absorbing mode of life into a violent exploitation of the land for every last ounce which it can be made to yield. Joss Elvin loved Chaffinch's, the farm which he changed from a dirty derelict into a tidy bit of land which kept him and his wife in modest luxury. But he failed to move with the times, and so Chaffinch's was lost to him. Joss's father was ruined by the Enclosure Act; Joss was ruined by the stupid agricultural policy which Britain has followed since the last war. History, unhappily, is largely made up of movements which ruin men who are good without being far-sighted.

Mr. Freeman's book is beautifully written. His style has a simplicity and a dignity which make the reader linger over passages all through his book. No one who loves the land can fail to be delighted by this story, in which the land, far more than Joss Elvin, is the hero. And though Joss meets with misfortune we know that the land itself is undying.

NOTHING is more exhilarating than satire when it hits a mark; nothing is so flat when it misses. In *Peonies and Ponies* Mr. Acton wants to be satirical about the British colony in Peking before the Sino-Japanese war. The publishers, on the jacket, compare his work with Norman Douglas' *South Wind* but I fear that they have allowed paternal exuberance to master them. I have no wish to be unpleasant about *Peonies and Ponies*; it is clear that Mr. Acton is a better writer than most, and his book can be read with considerable enjoyment. But he wanted to write a satire and he failed. The fault again lies in sentimentalism, for your great satirist is only a sentimentalist who has turned himself inside out. Mr. Acton seems to have stuck in the middle, and as a result part of his book is satire and part is ordinary sentimental novel. Like an inexperienced surgeon he has hacked and stabbed ineptly, and has only partially lanced the sore because he did not want to hurt his patient. Satirists are made of sterner stuff. Go backward or forward, Mr. Acton; either be a satirist or a sentimentalist, for you cannot be both.

Gallimaufry

IF YOU are on the lookout for a present for a schoolgirl you can hardly go wrong with *Elizabeth, England's Modern Queen*, by Cornelia Spencer (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.50) which has been especially written for young people. It gives a pleasant account of the Queen's life from her childhood in Glamis Castle until the present day. The book is well illustrated with photographs, including the famous study

of the Queen at Buckingham Palace taken by Cecil Beaton.

The excellent series of talks which were given over the radio in this country last winter has been published in book form as *Let's Face The Facts* (Nelson, \$1.65). All the addresses have been reprinted with brief biographical notes about each speaker. Now that the facts are slightly less grisly than they were it is interesting to find what good reading these speeches make.



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3. Drops razor part.



4. Gets new blade.

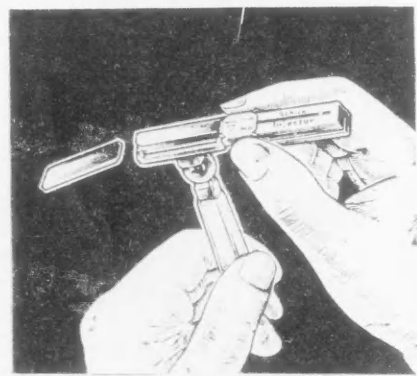


5. Gingerly extracts the paper-thin blade from its fussy wrapping.



6. Puts blade in razor—screws up parts—ready to shave at long last.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Sketch of a Poet

KEATS, by Betty Askwith, Collins, \$3.50.

WE ARE apt to think of the poets of the Romantic Revival as melancholy fellows with untidy hair and very bare throats who perpetually pursued small birds in search of inspiration; it is a good thing if, from time to time, we are reminded that they had bills to pay, spells of depression to endure, and occasional fits of silliness, dullness and banality. In her book on Keats Miss Betty Askwith attempts to show us the attractive little man whom Byron hated, Leigh Hunt patronized and Charles Lamb joked with, rather than the almost too sweet-voiced poet who wrote the *Ode To A Nightingale*. This is Keats as he was known to his contemporaries.

The book is popular in manner and readers who are chary of books about poets may pick it up without fear that they will be trapped in any critical springes. Miss Askwith deals with Keats' development as a poet only as the matter arises naturally out of a discussion of his life. There is much to be said for this method. There are, I know, austere scholars who hold that a poet's life has nothing to do with his work and should not be discussed in connection with it; I must say that this has always seemed to me to be a fanciful and unrealistic method of criticism. It is not only delight in gossip which makes us interested in the fact that Wordsworth was stingy, and that De Quincey and Coleridge

took laudanum; these are things which help our insight into the work of those men; we value every crumb of personal information about them that we can get. The effect of Miss Askwith's pleasantly chatty book is to make Keats more understandable and dear to us than before.

The book contains little that is new. Anyone who is interested in the Romantics has heard all Miss Askwith's stories before. But she has performed a valuable service in getting them all together in one book and presenting them to us as they appear to her very competent and sensitive mind. The best part of the book, in my opinion, is that in which she writes of Keats' agonizing love-affair with Fanny Brawne. Miss Askwith does her best to clear Fanny of the charges of heartlessness and indifference which are sometimes brought against her. Poor Fanny! Anyone with a spark of imagination can see what a burden it was for her charming but commonplace nature to be saddled with the love of John Keats. It is one of the tragedies of life that poets must love someone and that they generally light on someone who is wholly incapable of sustaining, let alone returning, such love.

I recommend this book as excellent light biography to everyone and scholars should not disdain to spend a couple of hours with it. It is impossible to read it without getting a clearer and more sympathetic impression of a great poet.

Much Has She Seen and Known

BY OWEN MACLEAN

ED LIVE IT OVER, by Flora Cloman, Oxford, \$3.50.

AT THE age of five, Mrs. Cloman traveled from Wisconsin to settle in the wilds of Minnesota. That seems to have settled the nature of her future life. Since then, she has constantly traveled to new and fascinating places. Her first husband was a mining engineer, and her second an army officer in the diplomatic service. Both provided her with plenty of opportunities to satisfy her wanderlust.

A glance at the Table of Contents will startle the most blasé. Here is a selection from it: Marriage in a Mining Camp... Housekeeping Problems in the Transvaal... Pageantry in London and Berlin... Revolution

in Turkey... Shipwreck off Australia... Strange Adventures in the Orient. And please observe that there are twenty-seven of these.

The most interesting part of the book is that which deals with her life in South Africa, and the Jameson Raid, in which her first husband was involved. To us who are in the habit of believing in the utter villainy of the British at that time it is refreshing to see the point of view of an American Uitlander.

They were terrible days, some of them. One gathers that Mrs. Cloman is a very brave woman. This is confirmed by the sporting offer to Fate contained in the title. Personally, I would find one taste of some of her experiences quite enough.

Love Among the Ruins

BY MICHAEL RYAN

THE HERMIT PLACE, by Mark Schorer, Macmillan, \$3.00.

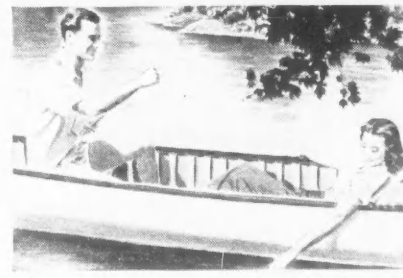
A WRITER who is sophisticated, erudite, disillusioned, cynical and cruel is no prodigy these days. Indeed many readers have come to expect something of the sort from modern novelists. They should not be disappointed in Mr. Schorer, for he exhibits all of these characteristics and very little else. His work seems a continuation of the hopeless, helpless, "lost generation" tradition to which he has applied his own remarkable gift for portraying sadness, perversion, madness and despair. The influence of T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* moves through the book like a dark shadow. The characters, who are all very well read (Mr. Schorer seems to think that life is poetry remodeled in emotion), quote from it on every possible occasion and the story might have used the poem's title without any change at all. But there is none of the humor or the gentle nostalgia that characterize *The Waste Land*, none of the really fine writing either.

A perspicacious poetess, Miss Dorothy Parker, once wrote: "Playwrights and poets and such horses' necks

Start off from anywhere, end up at sex."

Mr. Schorer, a novelist, not only emulates his fellow artists but starts with sex and puts it in the middle too. As a result of this shifting of contemplation from the navel downwards both his story and his characters are sadly out of proportion. The unlovable people he has gathered together are merely disembodied libidos looking for someone to torment and turning upon themselves when they have made everybody else miserable. The book records a year in the life of two sisters, both in love with the same aviator and consequently unhappily married to two suffering souls. The aviator is killed but his forceful personality lingers on, poisoning the lives of all his friends. These include a peccant interior decorator of uncertain sex and a loved-starved female scientist whose unexplained but doubtless scientific job it is to dissect live cats.

The synopsis on the dust-cover says that this is a novel of "love among the ruins". Isn't it about time that someone discovered that it is not only very uncomfortable to live, or even love, among ruins, but also rather silly? Does anyone know of a good architect?



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THE PUBLISHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT, *The Canadian Weekly*

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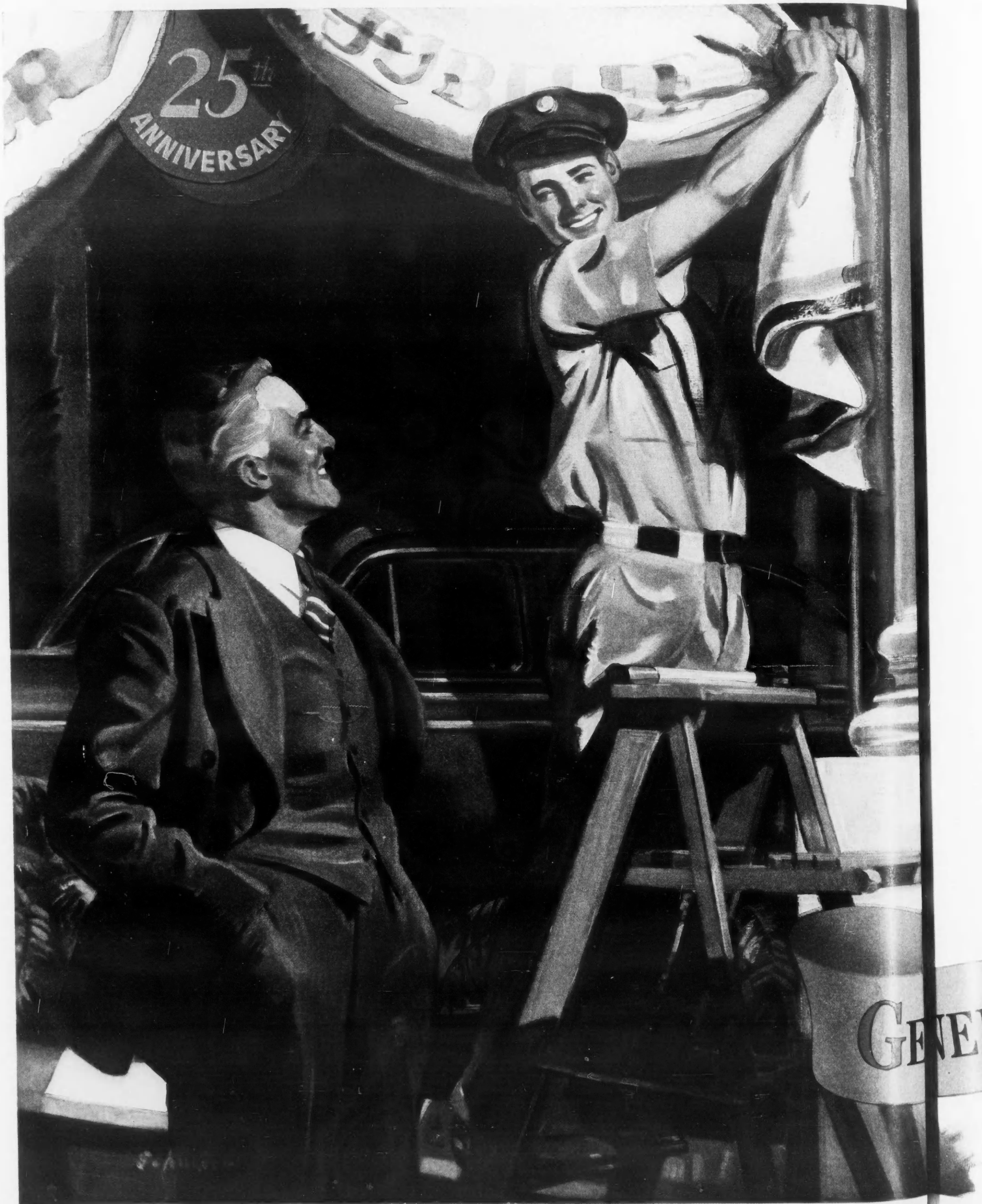
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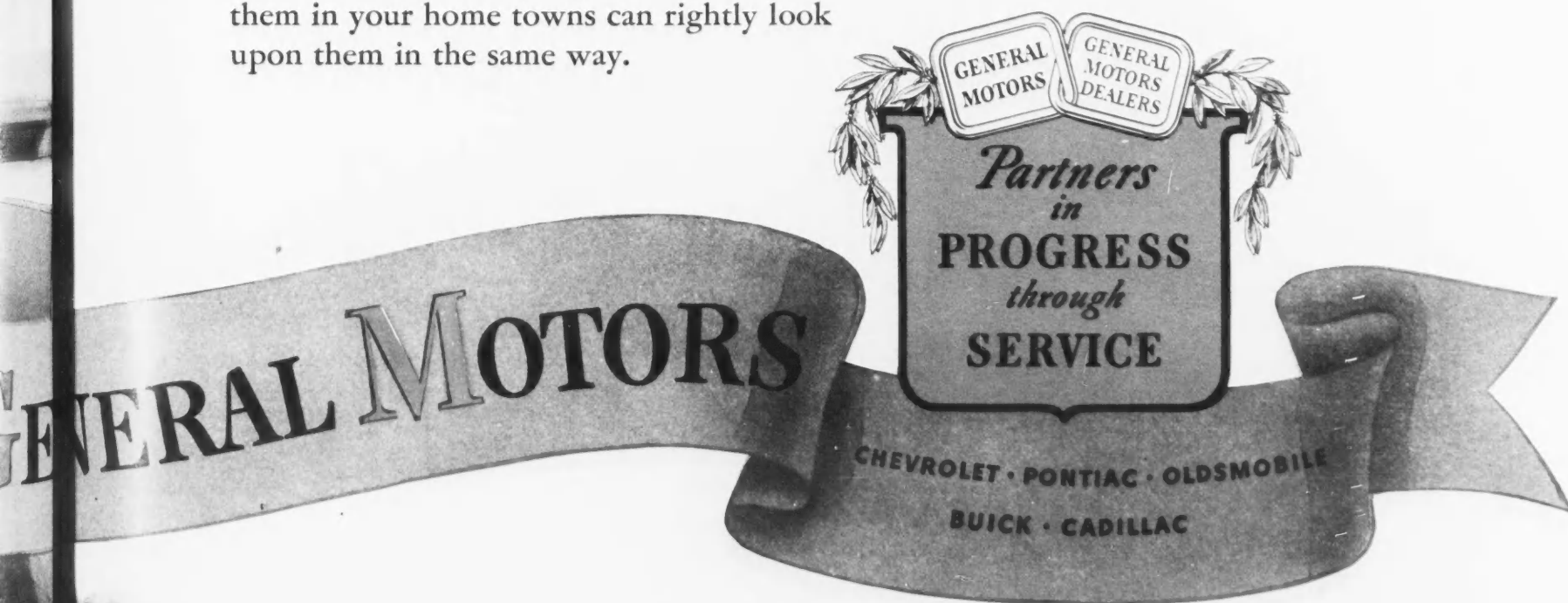
To grow along with it hasn't been easy. They've had to do more than sell cars—they've had to develop trained service staffs which keep cars in operation, no matter how many years they are driven.

They've had to grow in judgment, too, to be able to offer the man with a car to "turn in" a fair market for his unused mileage—and resell such cars at a fair price to their second or third owners.

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And we believe you people who deal with them in your home towns can rightly look upon them in the same way.



A Londoner Finds The Blitzed City Carrying On

THE circumstances of the war have driven me so far from London that when I revisited that city lately it was for the first time in over a year. To me, as to thousands of other Londoners dispersed about the country, the accounts of the damage caused by air raids on London came as some of the saddest news of the war. It was tragic to imagine the ruined beauties of the familiar and well-loved streets, the scenes of deso-

lation and destruction, and when I at last went back to see how my deserted home was faring I was almost afraid of what I would see.

It came as a considerable surprise, then, that my first (and continuing) impression of London as it stands at present was that everything looks amazingly normal. To be sure, the station at which I arrived had had its share of blitz. Cracked glass was much in evidence, and just outside

BY MARGARET J. MILLER

lowered the ruined and crumbling walls of a damaged block of buildings. But neither here nor in the streets was there anything like the wholesale destruction I had pictured to myself.

It is difficult to visualize, until you have seen it, the extraordinarily neat and narrow slice which may be made by a bomb falling among a row of

houses. In the latter stages of its flight a bomb falls absolutely perpendicularly, so that one house, or even half a house, may be taken and all the others left, and as one approaches the row in a car the general contour appears unchanged. It is only as one passes the house which has received a direct hit that one sees the startling revelation of intimate detail—the bedroom, bathroom and sittingroom wallpapers

laid bare to the world; pictures, perhaps, still hanging on the wall and half-ruined walls; or a bath tub, capsized and resting on sagging floorboards. I am not speaking here of the City or the East End, where destruction has been on a larger scale, but of the West End of London, and in this part one is continually struck by this fact: one has been told that the others left, and what is left—except for shattered or boarded windows—looks very much as it did a year ago.

Habitual Air of Calm

London on the night after a blitz, with water hydrants gushing, fires burning, streets blocked by cars or railed round to enclose time bombs, must be a terrible sight. But London three weeks after a blitz, and I saw it, has staggered to its feet and assumed its habitual air of calm. The mess has been to a large extent tidied up, the fires have been put out, the streets are being gradually restored. Only here and there a party of workmen digging among one of those tragic heaps of rubble reminds one that very recently the city has been through another battering. The "business as usual" story has become a commonplace, and tends to make post-raid rumors very unreliable. You may hear, perhaps, that a certain hotel or station is no longer functioning, but by the time the information has circulated very widely it has ceased to be true. The habit

UNCERTAINTY

SO RED the rose!
So rare the wine, God knows!
So sweet the music
flowing down the street
That I must follow, follow
on light feet,
By doors that never close.

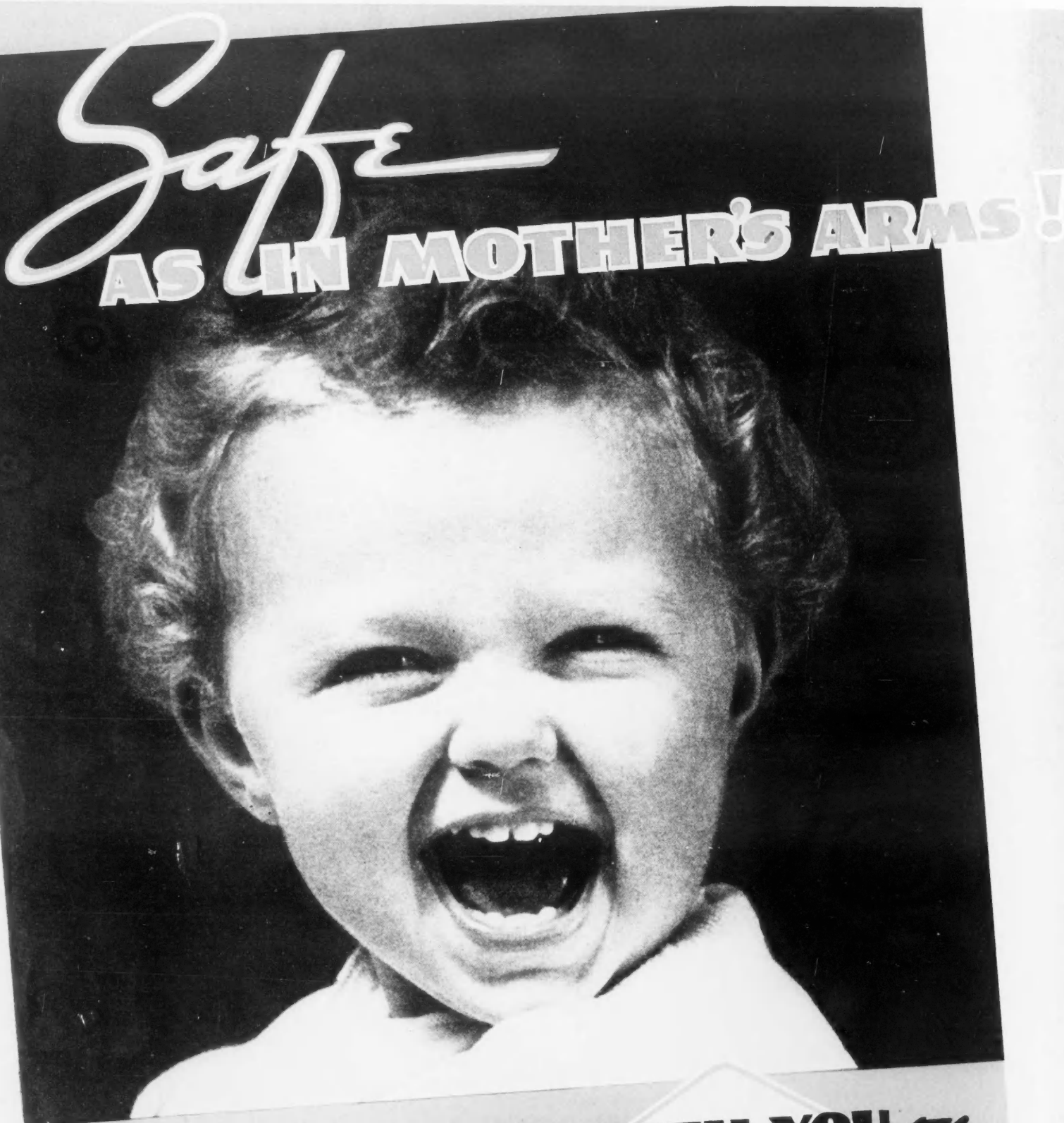
So bright the lights,
So soft the summer nights,
So dear the love that laughs
and understands,
That I must put God from my mind
with firm hands,
In search of such delights.

But then, in fine,
When there is nothing left
save bitter wine;
When all the roses
from the bush are gone
What shall I give my soul
to banquet on?
And when the viols cease,
And life becomes
unbearable with peace
Where shall I chance to find
One last companion,
suited to my mind?
And by what failing light,
Perceive the path that takes
through the night,
When love, for tears, is blind?
Victoria, B.C. R. H. GARDNER

has re-opened with glassless windows; the station has been patched up and is in use again. People all over the world have been horrified at the bombing of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, but the truth is that, up till now at least, these buildings remain structurally the same, and you have to look closely to see the damage.

Village-Like Society

But if the general appearance of many parts of London is largely unchanged, there are strange differences to be noted in other ways. In a flat where my husband and I live, as on the top two floors of a tall house in a Westminster Square—a square practically deserted and reduced now to a village-like state of society by reason of the small number of the friendliness of its inhabitants. In peacetime London in all likelihood you know none of your neighbors at all. In wartime London you not only know the people in the same street; within a five minute conversation you know the woman sitting next to you in the bus who is going to visit her husband in hospital who has had his leg blown off by a bomb. She has shown you a photo-



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graph of her son in the Air Force and you have shown her some photographs of your baby, and ten to one two or three other people in the bus have joined in on the conversation.

So it is that I found the condition of affairs in our neighborhood entirely changed by the war. While my husband joined up some time ago and I moved away to safer parts, the three lower floors of the house remained occupied by its owner, a magnificent old lady well over sixty who has kept at her job as an air raid warden on night duty through blitz after blitz ever since the war began. Long before the war broke out—in the anxious days of 1938-9—she had decided what her part in the war was to be. Being old, and unmarried, she would take upon her the most dangerous work of the lot, and join a decontamination squad. Her efforts to persuade other old ladies to see likewise were not successful, but the path she had determined for herself she strictly followed, and though London has not yet been gassed and decontamination squads are therefore unnecessary as yet, she has been through innumerable deals by fire and high explosive and kept her courage and humor.

The Social Centre

In the basement of her house live her butler and his wife—old people both of them—and the butler also serves as an air raid warden. Most of the houses in the Square are unoccupied, except for an occasional caretaker. The equivalent of the village pub for this much reduced population is the Warden's Post at one corner of the Square where many of them work either by day or by night. There they play darts and talk and knit, and from there on nights of blitz they telephone to report on casualties or time bombs, or go out to deal with incendiaries or prison work.

As we walked along the empty square there emerged from a basement one of these wardens with tin hat and service gas mask an ex-military recently bombed out of his own home, and now caretaking for the owner of one of the big houses. He and my friend greeted one another cheerfully, like brothers-in-arms; and I thought of the grim regulations set up in the gardens in the middle of the square in days of peace and prosperity: "Men servants may not use these gardens." Now those who had a key to the gardens and those who had not work side by side in the debris of London and nothing matters a damn except courage and good fellowship.

No one plays tennis in the Square anymore; no prams are lifted down the steps; the barrel-organ man no longer comes along on Fridays; no cars come up to the doors, and the shutters are drawn across the glassless windows, while London dust sweeps into empty rooms and covers

the rolled-up carpets and shrouded chairs. It is strange to revisit one's home after all these months and to find everything much the same—the books we were reading on a shelf by the bed; a lump of plasticine one of us was modelling lying on the mantelpiece; the dishes we used on the last morning put away in the front of the cupboard, and the clock on the mantelpiece which had stopped a few hours after we left.

Possessions Mean Little

In the shuttered darkness of the room which would now be the nursery, had Hitler permitted it, I groped through some trunks for old clothes to leave for bombed-out families.

Beds and blankets stand ready for such emergencies; sometimes two or three homeless people sleep in one of the ground floor rooms until they can find another house to go to; once a bombed-out couple occupied two rooms of our flat for a short time. On first coming home again you are perhaps filled with a longing to rescue the best china or a favorite clock or cigarette box, or some of the silver. On reflecting you abandon the thought. Possessions mean nothing, nor the pride of a carefully chosen color scheme and clean-cream-colored walls and white paint. When there is very little glass in the windows and a huge bomb crater in the road outside and a block of flats laid waste in the next street your

sense of values passes through a very rapid change.

Looking through one of the less damaged windows which was painted all over with a thick yellow solution I noticed that Mrs. Bryce from the basement was growing tomatoes—those rare and ruinously expensive vegetables in our window box. The four rather dusty little plants seemed additional evidence of a gallant attempt to carry on as usual—an effort which calls forth so much admiration from those of us who have gone away for the others who remain. Scattered all over the much overcrowded countryside of England, thousands of wives and children and old people have sought safety out of London. But there stay behind—

sometimes because they cannot, more often because they will not leave—a people so brave and humorous that it seems almost indecent to mention bombs and blitz to them. They carry on in streets which grow shabbier as the months go by, but in most places not greatly changed. Only here and there, where a sudden devastating blow has left a house nearly halved so that we can see the photographs on the mantelpiece, the kitchen cupboard with its door torn off and the piled-up teacups and half-empty bottle of milk still standing there—only by such sights as these are we reminded that in the midst of the busy life of the great city death hovers very close in the hours between dusk and dawn.



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THE LONDON LETTER

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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

WORLD OF WOMEN

From T-Bone Steak to Stew

BY MARJORIE CAMPBELL

MAYBE she isn't the forgotten woman, but the average woman in the higher income brackets is up against it these days. On one side the family income, formerly reasonably adequate, is reduced drastically by taxation, and on the other the cost of living, which never suited at the best of times, is now a major problem. For this housewife there is no compensating allowance to meet the increased cost of living. She's got to set her table to fit her tax-decreased income. And that is no cinch with families brought up on T-bone steaks and imported honeydews.

There's a third worry. Such women are intensely behind the war effort. They want to cooperate in every way possible. Apart from striving to make their dollars stretch to cover essentials, they want to avoid buying food which is required elsewhere for people already closely rationed. But what are they to do when products allegedly required by the British, pork and cheese for instance, are still on the market? What about imported foods, such as citrus fruits so necessary to a balanced diet, and the foreign exchange situation? How to insure for their families a diet adequate to meet the intensified demands of today? It's much easier to say *cut your coat to suit your cloth* than it is to do it.

Let's put principles first. To begin with, an adequate knowledge of what constitutes necessities and what luxuries is essential. We shall not win the peace as well as the war by sacrificing the health and intellectual stamina of any section of the Canadian people. Unfortunately, some women in the higher income brackets have felt that the mass of reliable diet-for-health literature distributed freely across Canada is not for them; their families get the best of food, so why bother? In Britain they're beginning to learn that class distinctions must not mean distinctions in dietary requirements. And in Canada, the well-to-do, as well as the hitherto underprivileged, need that much publicized daily pint of milk, or its equivalent, an egg, green and other vegetables, fresh fruit, meat, vitamins from A to G, and numerous minerals. How to squeeze them all out of the decreased house-keeping allowance is a real challenge.

Waste Not—Want Not

Another principle is to waste nothing. The housewife who's got to serve attractive, nourishing meals on a lowered income and with rising prices has to slay the demon, waste. Looking over the whole year a dollar goes much farther when you use everything in season and preserve what you can't immediately use. Live on fresh fruits and vegetables, all summer and save canned and other processed foods for the bleak days of winter. This is very sound economy; fresh foods are cheapest when abundant. And what with increased exports, decreased imports during the winter months, and the improved purchasing power of many Canadians, the supply of canned goods may actually run low before next season's crop. This is one time when no one can successfully argue that it's just as cheap to buy jams and jellies, pickles and preserves, and even dried fruits and vegetables. The abundantly stocked fruit cellar is in high fashion again. And a good thing, too. In cases where there is an unmarketable surplus, it will pay to put down eggs, to preserve meats, and to keep as much food as possible in cold storage.

To buy or not to buy imported foods when they are in our stores? We are accustomed to starting the day with orange juice or grapefruit; must we do without? That dull but, oh so useful, middle course seems to be the answer here. Nutritional requirements demand a certain amount of citrus fruits, but the strained house-keeping allowance can be relieved by

alternating with tomato, apple and grape juice or apple sauce. We need have no patriotic qualms about buying such imported foods as we need, so long as they are available and we can afford them.

The Meat Problem

Meat is the Housewife's No. 1 headache, especially in the upper-bracket incomes. Once accustomed to good cuts it's hard to convert the family to the idea that cheaper ones are as delectable because they are as nourishing. It's a tall order, since those abundant cheaper cuts, to be delectable, require imagination, care and skill in preparation. For instance beef-steak and kidney pie, than which there are few tastier dishes, can be made from shoulder steak, rather less kidney and added pork heart. The combination brings down the price per pound amazingly. There are other wheezes the French learned and made famous, probably as a result of former necessity. With the aid of the casserole or the stew pot, the intelligent cook produces dishes for the epicure, and from meat half the price of porter-house, or a fifth of tenderloin. Similarly, a boiled fowl achieves a saving and compares favorably with the broiler, and an Irish stew can stand up to a leg of lamb any day. A visit to the fish market will prove that there are fish other than Restigouche salmon, and at prices which will easily permit of a decent piece of that when it's at its incomparable best. And when winter comes, accept the challenge of canned or dried fish,

from salmon to chicken haddock and lobster.

Pork and pork products do call for careful consideration. But just be reasonable. So long as pork products are not prohibited, we are free to buy sufficient to vary our menus. Only remember there is pork and pork. Hams and bacon carry well. Cuts that can't readily be transported to Britain are our meat. Not only can we assist the defenders by buying cuts that aren't easily shipped, but we can do wonders for our own budgets. Ground pork, almost anywhere, combined with beef, almost anywhere, and fine herbs, is the basis for delicious meat loaves; serve hot for dinner and cold for next day's luncheon. It is not necessary to cut our pork entirely; just cut the amount in half. Evaporated, condensed and dried milk are inspirations from all kitchen angles. But hoarding's outlaw, though that warning need cost no nasty aspersions on the sound practice of quantity buying.

Most of us are too well fed for our own good. We have it on reliable authority that many well-off people in Britain are healthier on their war-restricted diets. Leaving out the children (you can't give growing youngsters too much of the right food, anyway!) probably the best solution for our harried housewife is, subtly, very subtly, to encourage her family to eat with wisdom. And remember, a good pot roast is the ultimate test of the greatest of the arts, cookery. Remember, too, you needn't keep up with the Joneses any more. That was Mrs. Jones buying the stewing meat a few minutes ago, she didn't speak because she didn't want to be tempted by that eighty-cent tenderloin you were considering.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

A Bit of Re-Decoration

BY BERNICE COFFEY

ETHEE the people who make their living selling furniture are psychic—or they know darn well that after a summer away from home during which every room has been re-decorated five or six times in her imagination plus that slightly dog-eared look which the best of houses seem to acquire after long absence from them—all these make any woman a push-over for a complete job of re-decoration on the house. We feel rather sorry, in a green grape sort of way, you understand, for the woman whose house is so filled to the rafters with Beautiful Old Furniture it would be sacrilege, my dear, simply sacrilege, to change anything. True, there's an enduring satisfaction to be had in living with and looking at fine old furniture, but for sheer soul-stirring satisfaction it's difficult to beat the thrill that's to be had in buying new furniture which, for all we know, someday may be heirlooms too. Add to this the generalship it takes to boss a crew of painters and paper-hangers as they run wild on a decorating spree through the house, and we'll guarantee there'll never be a dull moment for you. Of course, the rest of the family may not see eye to eye, in which case you may have to Take A Stand, but that needn't bother you too much. Indeed it probably won't.

Of course, there's a solid satisfaction in furnishing a new house. No one can resist giving you the benefit of their advice. If you take it you'll

probably wish you hadn't, and if you don't they'll regret your unfortunate taste. Best thing to do is to seek sound professional advice from an interior decorator. Get his ideas, then use only those you want and forget about the rest—unless tentative experiments in the past have proved that your lack of color perception and design is colossal. But only the exceptionally honest woman will admit this to herself or anyone else. Haven't ninety-nine and one-tenth percent of us at one time or another decided that we have it in us to be a second Elsie de Wolfe any time we cared to take on a career?

New Edition

Every year at this time the big shops unveil the latest editions of their model houses. These are designed to show how to make the most out of an income that doesn't run to footmen and gold plate but does stretch to a char and good china—and surroundings that are in good taste without looking budgetty. In short, the sort of houses (or apartments) in which newly-married people usually find themselves or would like to—when they return from the honeymoon and set about the serious business of taking up housekeeping.

Those looking about for inspiration of the do-like sort will find themselves well repaid by a visit to Simpson's "House of New Ideas", for the man in charge who interior decorated it has been generous in the use of all sorts of tricks that are highly pleasing and professional in effect without having blitz effects on the balance in the band. It probably will be easier and less expensive in the long run to let Simpson's do any of them that appeal to you, although we know of nothing to prevent you going ahead and putting them into effect on your own if you're awfully sure of yourself. Here are a few of the new ideas in the House of N—

1—s: Instead of drapes in the dining room—an adaptation of the English shutter. Made of bone white parch-

ment studded in a simple design with closely spaced black nailheads.

In a sweetly serene little blue bedroom the smartly tailored bedspread is made of "silence" cloth—and until you see it you can't imagine how terrifically smart this plain herringbone quilted material, usually modestly hidden under the table-cloth, becomes when it is used in this manner. Perhaps we should tell you that a narrow cornice all around the top of the blue walls is made of scalloped glazed chintz candy-striped in pink and white. The chintz is used as a piping on the bedspread which is laced sailor manner at the corners, and for the ruffle under the spread and for the bolster. The chintz, by the way, is a new kind in which the glaze is permanent—even after washing or cleaning.

Instead of the usual window blinds to block out the neighbor's view into the house, painted bamboo screens that roll up have been used. Some are painted—white in the little blue room—or varnished a deep glossy brown. These are not something new and exotic although their use in this manner is—but are nothing more or less than the roll-up-and-down screens used on verandas to block out the sun ever since the time when congress boots were worn by the well-dressed man.

A number of changes have been made in the breakfast room of the house, among them an ingenious trick which uses the same linoleum—formerly plain—but gives it a new look by the insertion of narrow strips of colored linoleum in the form of a large plaid design.

"An inexpensive fabric used lavishly will give much better results than a good fabric used sparingly," sagely remarked the man in charge as he showed us through the house. And as proof that there is a lot in what he says, he showed us the bedroom in which an inexpensive chintz had been used with a free hand. Maroon and a tender celadon green mingled in the design, and the walls of the room were completely covered with the fabric which had been padded. Drapes of the same material were used at all the windows.



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FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Every week B. R. Sandwell, Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, selects an important topic for extended comment in his personal department, "From Week to Week." Sometimes solemn, sometimes humorous, his discussion can be depended upon always to be authoritative and—may we say it—urbane.

The Publishers

SATURDAY NIGHT

The Canadian Weekly.

WORLD OF WOMEN

An Englishwoman Looks at Her New World

BY EILEEN ELIAS

"IT'S good to be doing something for people," said one of Mr. Bevin's woman factory-workers last week. "You feel you've got an important job of work at last."

Countless women are feeling that to-day women who have never thought of themselves as "important" before. For, in the curious way war has of producing the most unexpected by-products, it has brought to women all over the country a sense of satisfaction which peace failed to bring.

Ask the women in uniform. With all its wastefulness and tragedy, it has given to them a unity and a purpose that they have never known before.

Woman-power. That is the magic word that has put so many hundreds of thousands of our women, old and young, into uniform, or into overalls, for the first time in their lives. Man-power we have always recognized; but woman-power is something new, and, as at last we are seeing, something vitally important to our national life. Just because that word has come into the nation's vocabulary, countless women have found a new task in life and what is all-important—a new and stronger sense of community.

Where were all these women in peacetime? What part of society have they come from, and why did we never hear of them before? For it was not the working-girls who were the first to flock to the women's services. It was the women without a job—the women who had simply nothing to do.

In the man-made society that existed before the war, woman-power was wasted. Hundreds of thousands of women lived bored and trivial lives, just because the world of work had no room for them. You had only to go to a cinema matinee or walk down a crowded shopping-street in the afternoon to see them there. Wives without children; girls whose mothers "wanted" them at home; mothers whose grown-up families had no further use for their services. They were all there, window or screen-gazing, because, as any one of them would have told you, "we must do something."

Some of them, perhaps, lived in apartments, the all-electric kind where the housework takes, at the most, an hour and a half a day. Others, in suburban houses, left "all that" to a maid and then found themselves watching the clock till their husbands' return. Others, trained women who had had a satisfying job before marriage, had had to surrender it because "the director doesn't allow it" or "My husband

wouldn't approve of it" or "none of the wives in our road do."

Here, all the time, was our woman-power. And all the time society had no use for it. We watched it go to waste, because we did not realize, till today, that mental unemployment can be just as disastrous as physical unemployment.

The Things They Do

And now, what are these same women doing? Not all are in the women's services. One I know, her family long since grown up and gone from home, is running a market-garden. "My husband's never let me grow anything but a herbaceous border," she told me the other day, "but

now he's in the Home Guard, I'm showing him!"

Another, a girl who had never had a job of any kind before, is training as a draughtsman. "Draughtswomen they'll have to call them now," she remarked cheerfully when last I saw her.

A woman friend who used to find keeping house for her two brothers rather a boring business, is running a quarry for them now that they are both in the army! Women in every town are learning their husbands' jobs so as to keep the home going while the men are away. Window-cleaning, boot-repairing, even engineering women who never did these things before are tackling them cheerfully now, and finding too that they can do it.



But after the war—what then? Is all this newly-found woman-power to go to waste again, to lapse into boredom, extravagance, discontent? Is the woman teacher still to be told, "We've no work for you after marriage?" Is the older woman still to hear at the labor exchange "We can get girls at half your price?"

Somewhat we must find a way to utilize the services of all women, in peace as well as in war. War itself has pointed the way.

Nursery schools and creches have come to stay. Communal restaurants will not decrease in popularity after the war. Clubs for "evacuee" mothers will be just as welcome long after all evacuees have returned home. Here alone are a thousand new jobs, paid or unpaid, waiting for the leisured woman.

War has taught women that no highly-skilled occupation need be closed to her simply on account of her sex. Nineteen-forty-one laughs at the British Census figures of nineteen-thirty-one—only 130 women solicitors, just over a hundred architects, eighty barristers. Women engineers are at last coming into their own. Women in every branch of life are finding that no man's job is beyond their power.

Will they desert the home? Will they take the jobs from the men? Post-war society is going to dispose forever of these boogies. There will always be special jobs for which the woman is better fitted than the man. Home-making, administrative and secretarial work, teaching and tending the young these are occupations which woman by her very nature will always choose for her own.

But just as in war, men and women are learning the value of working side by side, so in the new peace which we shall build they must continue to co-operate, as Nature intended that they should. For woman-power has come—and it has come to stay.

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THE FILM PARADE

Moonshine Over Everything

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"literary" character of the piece, that purely Hechtian and deeply plastered dramatist played by Thomas Mitchell, does nothing but bog the picture down with his endless commentary on life and its meaning. When he finally mutters himself off

to sleep, however, intelligently contrived things really begin to happen. Trembling little John Qualen is led down a corridor to a room where a dozen quiet strangers are waiting to

clean him out, or alternately, to murder him. He has somehow to escape with his carefully salted three thousand dollars, get down that endless nightmare corridor, get clean away down the stairs before they suspect what he is up to. In

the meantime, in the little room opposite the staircase, his two Angels, Rita Hayworth and Douglas Fairbanks, are waiting in a torture of nerves for what may come out of that silent distant room. Then back to the room itself, and the stilled brutally lighted faces about the table where the hands are being dealt out...

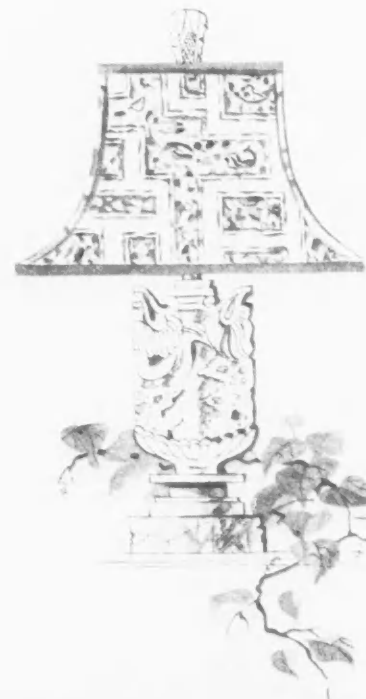
Well maybe we're all suckers for illusion; but there is a difference between the kind of illusion that hits you bang in the eye, and the kind that operates stealthily, increasingly and finally intolerably on the nerve-ends and the imagination.

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Simpson's



FIRST it was "Three Blind Mice" with three beautiful girls chasing three Miami millionaires on the screen. Then it was "Three After Three" with three beautiful girls chasing three Miami millionaires on the stage. Now it's "Moon over Miami" with two beautiful girls chasing two Miami millionaires, and Charlotte Greenwood chasing a bus boy, in technicolor.

It just shows how plot-hungry the boys in Hollywood can get, sitting around the conference tables famished and desperate and down to their last finger-nail. "Billy the Kid" had been polished off for the third time, the Harold Bell Wright barrel had been scraped to the bottom. The Kildare series had used up the hospital theme, leaving not a crust for any other studio. The Little Women or Four Beautiful Sisters theme had been gobbled up for good by the Lemp daughters. So how about three beautiful sisters again, chasing millionaires in Miami, only change them to two beautiful sisters and an aunt and throw in a lot more scenery?

So much scenery has now been thrown in that the latest version is little more than a Fitzpatrick Travel Talk, with legs. Betty Grable's wonderful legs which are always ready to twinkle in when you get tired of looking at water flivvers leaping bridges, tropical lagoons, underseas photography, and the rich bronzed landscape of Don Ameche's face.

Well, we must be grateful for what we get, and Charlotte Greenwood is always something to be thankful for. As the substitute aunt she has very little to do except lumber in and out with tea-carts, but once at least she is able to break into one of her dances, those ludicrous long legs of hers making accurate compass patterns on the screen. The rest is mostly clothes, champagne, luxury bungalows, tropical waterways festooned with moonlight and Betty Grable of all people finding love instead of the looked-for pot of gold at the end of her Miami rainbow.

I ARRIVED at "Angels Over Broadway" before the afternoon show started. There was just the big screen, with colored lights moving over a strange background of lozenges centred by an immense V sign, while an unseen orchestra played "Tales From the Vienna Woods." Then the lights dimmed down in the theatre and moved up on the screen, and there was Douglas Fairbanks, smoking a cigarette, with buckets of rain falling all about him; just Douglas Fairbanks in a profile hat standing motionless in the rain, while his musing voice came off the sound track, telling us that the world is filled with suckers, nothing but suckers. Well maybe we are nothing but suckers, but how can we be anything but before the endless devices the movies use to betray us into a state of dreamy confusion?

It has to be the moment you come in. There's the dark chilled air after the bright reality of the streets. Then the lights, the symbols, the unseen music, all unrelated, and the mass hypnosis of hundreds of people, all hushed and gazing. Then when the disassociation from reality is complete the unreal story begins to evolve on the screen; and by that time we are made suckers, if we weren't born suckers already.

STILL there are degrees. Both "Moon Over Miami" and "Angels Over Broadway" are pictures for suckers for people who believe in illusion over reality, and love, love over everything. Even so there is a world of difference in the kind of intelligence used to create illusion. "Moon Over Miami" is a picture for moviegoers who just want to get an eyeful of technicolor and Betty Grable, both at their height. "Angels Over Broadway" is a melodrama, intelligently contrived, breathlessly engrossing in the latter sequences, and wonderfully phoney nearly all the way through.

It has been described as a picture for adults, which is misleading if you mean that adults are people who like to listen to sententious moralizings about Love, Art and This Bauble Life. Most people will feel that the

MUSICAL EVENTS

Reginald Stewart Goes to Baltimore

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE resolve of the Musical Protective Association to purge the Promenade Symphony concerts of the presence of Reginald Stewart as expeditiously as dictators fire military commanders has not reacted seriously against that conductor. It resulted in his acceptance of an invitation to become Director of the Peabody Institute, a very enviable position. Unfortunately Toronto loses his services, and the great civic institution he created has been thrown back into the insecure experimental conditions of six or seven years ago. If the Proms continue as a permanent organization it will be due to the firmness of the foundations laid by the executive capacity and musical enthusiasm of Mr. Stewart. The real sufferers from the June crisis are the orchestral performers who are supposed to be the wards of the Musical Protective Association. The blow has fallen on them rather than on their former conductor. To paraphrase a speech from an old play "The Silver King": "O God, turn back Thy universe and give me yesterday," most of them would like to turn back the clock to mid-June.

There is no question of the increased prestige that accrues to Mr. Stewart as the new head of the Peabody Institute. It is the oldest non-profit musical foundation in America, endowed by a man who was in countless ways a pioneer of enlightened philanthropy in England and America. George Peabody set aside funds for this endowment, by which he intended to promote goodwill between his native New England and the South, as early as 1857; though political turmoil prevented its opening until 1868. In the late 'fifties Baltimore was a more important city than it is today, but it has remained one of the chief cultural centres of the United States.

Remarkable Career

Mr. Stewart thus assumes a post with great traditions. Freed from financial worries, all that is expected of him is that he maintain and increase the artistic prestige of the institution. Throughout his musical career in Toronto he has shown so much executive ability and artistic foresight that there is little doubt he will be a success. He takes office at a time when the United States is full of European musicians of international distinction from whom he may choose in building up a distinguished staff. It is understood that it was the failure of the retiring director, Otto Ortman, to avail himself of these opportunities that led to his retirement.

While Mr. Stewart's duties at Baltimore will be administrative his growing eminence as an artist will not be eclipsed. With the cordial consent of the Trustees, he will in the next few months fill many important engagements all over America as pianist and guest conductor. Viewed in retrospect his rise in Toronto is international fame furnishes a remarkable example of Scottish aspiration, for he is literally self-made. Before he came to Canada, he was a choirboy in St. Mary's Anglican Cathedral at Edinburgh, and the pupil in piano and organ of its choir-master, Dr. H. T. Collinson; and in boyhood he also attained a knowledge of orchestral instruments. I recall him first in Toronto as a very youthful orchestral performer who had mastered the French horn. Before he was twenty he was giving capital amateur performances of Gilbert and Sullivan as Musical Director of the Canadian Operatic Society. His activities between 1920 and 1930 were varied and meantime he was putting every dollar he could spare into perfecting his own education, with the best masters.

The first important recognition that came to him was when in 1924 he conducted the London Symphony

Orchestra at Royal Albert Hall, the first Canadian to be accorded such an honor. Since 1935 his appearances as guest conductor and pianist in the United States have been steadily increasing. His achievement with the local Promenade Concerts had widespread reactions. A few weeks ago Dr. Frank Black, Musical Director of N.B.C., told me that the broadcasts of these concerts, heard as an exchange program, were immensely popular throughout the United States. His services as an orchestral conductor have overshadowed the excellent work he did as conductor of the Bach Choir, and it must not be forgotten that to him we owe the first performances in this country of Bach's work, "Passion According to St. John."

César Borré's Success

One of the most satisfactory surprises that has come to local music lovers of late was the remarkably fine interpretation of the César Franck Symphony at Varsity Arena last week under the baton of César Borré. Though the latter has lived in Canada for some years few were aware of his exceptional gifts as a symphonic conductor. Certainly nobody anticipated that he would give new facets and more potent vitality to so familiar a masterpiece. There are reasons why Mr. Borré should play the work "con amore." He is a Belgian and Franck was the greatest of modern Belgian composers. He is also an organist, and the Symphony is the work of an inspired organist expressing himself through the orchestral medium. Mr. Borré, trained in Brussels and Antwerp, was probably brought up on Franck. Orchestral players who thought they knew the work backward tell me that he came to rehearsal equipped with a devastating and intimate knowledge of phrases, accents and nuances as to which other conductors are more or less vague.

Mr. Borré needed all this knowledge, for many of the musicians were fresh and inexperienced. The Proms management has been bringing in new blood lavishly of late, and while it is pleasant to see young people



Alexander Chuhaldin, one of Canada's best-known musicians, and onetime leader of the Imperial Grand Opera Orchestra, Moscow, who will be guest conductor of the Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra at its Promenade Concert, Varsity Arena, Aug. 21.

getting a chance it is rather hard on conductors. But all Mr. Borré's academic knowledge would have produced cold results were he not by temperament a conductor of rare musical discernment and fervent, masterly style. Despite the handicap of forces in part inexperienced, he gave the finest interpretation of the work that has been heard here in recent years.

A Canadian contralto of wonderful promise, Jean Watson, was the guest soloist. Her voice is of warm, clear, noble quality, and her diction admirable. She is so endowed with temperament that she could not sing coldly if she tried. Her present tendency, due to youth, is to become over-emotional in operatic numbers. She was at her best in a lovely legato rendering of Lady Ann Scott's "Think On Me."

THEATRE

Second Helping

BY BERNICE COFFEY

GEORGE WASHINGTON didn't sleep there and neither did the audience at the Royal Alexandra on the night of the return engagement of "George Washington Slept Here". The fast-moving plot, witty lines and an excellent cast saw to that. The play returned to Toronto with several changes in the cast among them the two leads. Not having seen the previous presentation we are unable to say whether Miss Ethel Britton's predecessor in the part of Annabelle Fuller, sceptical wife of the new owner of a broken-down Pennsylvania farmhouse, did a better job; but we are inclined to doubt it, for Miss Britton carried the play over a few spots where it might have sagged a little.

Allen Kearns in the role of Newton Fuller, done by Charles Butterworth at the play's previous appearance here, turned in an acceptable performance, but, oh Mr. Kearns, must you wave your arms around as if preparing for a take-off down the runway? Those in search of a good many hearty laughs, as who isn't? will find them in this highly amusing piece of summer entertainment.

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Christie's Sultanas

THE LONDON LETTER

The Marquis Uses His Margarine Coupons

BY P. O'D.

NOW that the new clothes-rationing scheme has been in operation for a while, people are beginning to get some idea of how it works. By now almost everyone has had occasion to buy something for which coupons are demanded—margarine coupons, by the way. The whole scheme was planned and sprung on us so quickly, that there was no time to get proper coupons printed and distributed. So the margarine coupons in the ration-books, for which, oddly enough, there is at present no other use, have been pressed into service. Can you see the extremely dressy old Marquis of Dillberry handing over his margarine coupons to his extremely fashionable tailor in Saville Row? That must be one of the really memorable sights of the war. Probably you do it with tongs.

As might well have been expected, all sorts of difficulties and inequities have cropped up in the working of the scheme. What, for instance, is to be done about the women who make their own clothes? At present, it seems they are at a disadvantage as compared with the people who buy them off the peg. And all those dear ladies who put in their time knitting for soldiers and sailors—how are they to get the wool they need? And how are the authorities to make sure that a really will all go to the fighting forces?

Trivial matters, you may think, but the getting of clothes is made up of such trivialities, which probably don't seem at all trivial to the people concerned—especially when these little anomalies are multiplied dozens of times. And then there are particular difficulties, such as those of the ballet-dancers, who are making frenzied appeals for special consideration. Apparently their 66 coupons for the year wouldn't be enough to keep them in ballet shoes alone—not at the rate of a pair a night, which is said to be the normal requirement. Pavlova used five or six pairs, we are told. And how about the costumes for theatrical productions?

In any case, no doubt, these various difficulties, and the thousands of others affecting the trade as well as

the consumer, will be smoothed away—or, at any rate, eased. Some regulations will be relaxed, and others will be tightened. The "wangers" will, of course, be busy.

There is generally some way of defeating almost any regulation—for a while. The authorities can be trusted to take their precautions. But the best assurance for the success of the new scheme is the general good-will of the public. Most people are agreed that something of the kind was necessary, and most people are prepared to do their best to make it work. They will grumble, but they will play fair, as is the English way—especially in such times as these.

The Ration Front

For extent and activity the Ration Front will soon almost rival the Russian Front. In the matter of Food, last week saw the beginning of the egg plan—whose critics seem as numerous and acidulous as ever—controlled prices for fish, the first of the double issues of sugar for jam-making, the increase in the cheese ration, and the decrease in the butter ration.

Coal rationing also began, with a maximum of a ton a month for domestic use. We were warned, too, that the petrol allowance is to be reduced, though this won't hit us until October, when the supply for that month will be cut in half. Considering what a stingy supply we are allowed now, a cut of one half is a cut indeed.

Unfortunately, the fact that a commodity is rationed doesn't at all mean that you can get your ration. It merely means that you can't get any more. There are also things—potatoes, for instance—that are unrationed, but are at the moment al-

most unobtainable. The old stock has been used up—a great deal of it for the feeding of animals—and the new stock hasn't yet come in.

Once upon a time the early potatoes used to come from the Island of Jersey, but the Germans are eating them now, no doubt. New potatoes with butter and a sprinkling of mint! It is painful and infuriating to think of the guzzling that must be going on over there.

Still, we are not doing too badly, when everything is said and done—or done without. And the Minister of Agriculture promises us that, with anything like decent luck, the harvest this year should be the greatest in living memory. With something like 6,000,000 extra acres under cultivation it certainly ought to be. The prospect of this country being starved into submission is thus as remote as ever—or even a little more remote. The Food Front is holding firm.

Summer Time and Accidents

One of the chief claims made for setting the clock back an extra hour during this summer, so saving two hours of daylight instead of one, was that it would help to lessen the number of accidents on the roads. The claim seemed logical enough—the better the light, the better the chance of pedestrians and motorists seeing one another and keeping clear.

The only trouble is that it doesn't work out that way. The horrible toll of accidents doesn't decrease. Considering the far smaller number of motor-vehicles on the roads, it even shows a tendency to increase.

Perhaps pedestrians are less careful nowadays—with so many other

forms of peril to worry about. Perhaps drivers are in more of a hurry with the comparatively empty roads to invite them to "step on it." Whatever the reason, people are being killed at the rate of about 9,000 a year. Even though many more thousands are being killed in other ways, there is something appalling about this sort of senseless slaughter.

At first people were inclined to blame it on the Army, as so many other forms of destruction are blamed. All those young and inexperienced drivers being suddenly given huge and powerful machines to take roaring along the roads! And it certainly doesn't promote caution to know that, in the event of a collision, it is the other fellow who is going to get the worst of it. The Army driver doesn't even have to worry about damage to his own vehicle. He merely gets a bit of a holiday while the military authorities attend to all the repairs.

Like a good many other people, I was inclined to take this view of it—especially as I had seen quite a lot of Army driving, and had more than once had to get almost into the ditch while an Army lorry or a Bren-carrier came lurching along the road at me. But it seems that we were wrong.

A statement published by the War Office last week shows that, on an analysis of the casualty statistics, Army drivers and vehicles were concerned in only a small percentage of the accidents, and that in very few even of those cases were the Army drivers at fault. And the War Office ought to know.

There seems to be nothing for it but to beg the Army's pardon with what grace we may, and humbly to search our civilian hearts. Can it be that we, the public, are to blame,

that we step before we look, that we go rocketing over the cross-road or around the blind corner, that we are—well, the sort of careless and goofy persons that we usually are? There seems to be no other conclusion. It is humiliating but salutary.

Trouble With Eggs

Lord Woolton was doing fine, until he decided to get to grips with the egg problem. He is a highly competent and experienced man, and there are few aspects of the food question that he hasn't mastered. But the hen seems to be one of them. The hen will not be "druv," as Lord Woolton is finding out. Neither will the people who keep hens. Just at the moment Lord Woolton is looking like an unsuccessful vaudeville comedian in the rough old days. He has egg plastered all over him.

The trouble started when the Food Ministry set out to ration eggs—or, at any rate, to control them, as they are now explaining.

The Ministry, in the way it has tackled this problem, has shown great pluck, not much sense, and no consistency at all. First it announced that people with 12 hens or less were to be exempt. They could do as they pleased with their eggs. But people with 13 hens—aha! They would have to turn over all their eggs to the Government, and depend entirely on their dealer and ration-book—unless, of course, they had the good sense to kill and eat the extra hen.

Loud choruses of jeers and howls arose on every side. The Ministry, with cold perspiration dripping from its hair, hastened to change its plan. They said they had been misunderstood. They were merely trying to prevent the formation of a "black market" in eggs. But since people felt the way they seemed to feel about it—well, anyone with fifty hens could keep eggs for their own consumption, provided they asked the Government's permission. Something pathetic, don't you think, about that asking permission? It is known as "saving face." And there, for the present, the matter stands.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Long But Not Strong

BY JANET MARCH

AN AWFUL lot of people in this world seem to like fancy drinks. Not for them the simple milk, tea, coffee—iced or hot—the soda water with what makes it worth drinking, or the John Collins, that king of summer long strong drinks who mystifyingly becomes Tom when you cross the border to the South. Personally if I have a real thirst, I like a deep cold well better than anything; not just any well but one which I know recently to have been declared A in that rather negative sentence used by the Department of Public Health of this province. "Examination failed to show the presence of colon bacilli in all portions tested." Those are beautiful words to a well owner, particularly when in time past B or even a horrid C has been seen. "Why is well water so good?" I asked, putting the end of my nose and half my chin in a dipper of Grade A after a bout of weeding. "It's wetter," said the usually intellectual member of the party.

These simple views on plain drinks don't seem to be generally shared, and if you go to any sort of party in the country in these parts there is a wonderfully colored liquid produced, a different color each time. Once lately it was bright pink. "What is this?" said a young March, used only to simple bottled drinks. "A cold drink, you can have some." "No, thank you, it smells like poison," said a clear voice. Investigation proved that the mixture was of bottled fruit juice, raspberry wine, sugar syrup, and pink flavoring. The next event was the Sunday School picnic when the color was orange but the taste wasn't which was mystifying. As one of our contributions to that collective system of eating we brought a large cake of ice which deadened the synthetic taste a bit. Gallons and gallons were drunk which goes to show the public's taste. In spite of these rather discouraging happenings which are almost enough to make one sign a pledge only to drink if the labelled bottle is opened

before your eyes, I do know how to make a few good cold drinks, and here are some recipes.

Grape Juice Ale

- 1 pint of grape juice
- 1 pint of ginger ale
- 3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 2 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, unless you like things very sweet
- 2 tablespoonfuls of orange juice

Mix everything together, adding the ginger ale last so that there is still some fizz when you serve it. Use plenty of ice, which of course is a must in making all summer drinks.

Grapefruit Punch

- 1 quart of grapefruit juice
- 8 tablespoonfuls of fruit sugar
- Juice of eight lemons
- Sprigs of fresh mint

Mix the fruit juices together, and then add the sugar, crush and add the mint. Mix well and pour into glasses with ice in them.

Cider Cup

It won't be long before the fresh cider will be in, but in the meantime there's still lots of last year's crop or vintage or whatever you call the cider brew.

- 4 lemons
- 6 tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 2 quarts of cider
- 1 cup of sherry

Add the sugar and the lemon juice first, stirring till the sugar is melted, then add the sherry, then the cider and chill. Serve on ice with some sprigs of mint.

Chinese Cup

- 1 pint of cold tea
- 1 quart of ginger ale
- 2 lemons
- 2 tablespoonfuls of preserved ginger



The tart fruitiness of fresh pineapple, plus other "makings," provides a mild, cooling, refreshing drink to serve on a warm day in summer.

- 1 cup of black pitted cherries
- Ice and sugar to taste

Chop the ginger up very finely, it must be the Chinese wet sort in jars—not the candied sort which you get at a candy shop—then add the juice of the lemons and the sugar. Chill this and add the tea and, just before serving, the cherries and ginger ale.

Orange Punch

- 3 oranges
- 1 lemon
- 1 cup of cold tea
- 1 pint of ginger ale
- 1 pint of soda water
- Sugar to taste

Mix the fruit juices, sugar and tea and just before serving add the ginger ale and the soda water. This one is simple to make and is usually popular with the young after tennis or golf.

Fruit Punch

- 1 cup of cold tea
- 2 cups of strawberry syrup
- 5 oranges
- 5 lemons
- 1 tin of pineapple juice
- 1 cup of water
- 1½ cups of sugar
- 1 cup of maraschino cherries
- 1 quart of soda water

Boil the water and sugar together to make a syrup, then add the tea, and two cups of strawberry syrup (the best is the sort which you drain off your own preserved strawberries) the orange and lemon juice and the pineapple juice. Chill thoroughly and add 5 quarts of cold water. Then add the cherries and soda water and serve with lots of ice.

Tea and Cider Cup

- 1 pint of tea (this is best with China tea)
- 1 pint of cider
- Sugar to taste
- 2 lemons
- 1 pint of ginger ale

Dissolve the sugar in the tea and then add the lemon juice, last add the cider and ginger ale just before serving.

All punches, like salads, should be made for looks as well as taste, so slices of orange or lemon or cherries or, failing cherries, a few firm raspberries, make the drink taste as well as look better.

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Canada's favorite
WHOLE WHEAT Cereal
... DELICIOUS WITH LUSCIOUS PEACHES



It's a delightful, refreshing meal on a summer morning—and something more besides. Every spoonful gives you those important food elements contained in 100% pure whole wheat. And, because the wheat is unmilled, all the valuable wheat germ is retained. Serve this whole wheat energy-food to your family regularly. Ask for it by the full name, "Nabisco Shredded Wheat".

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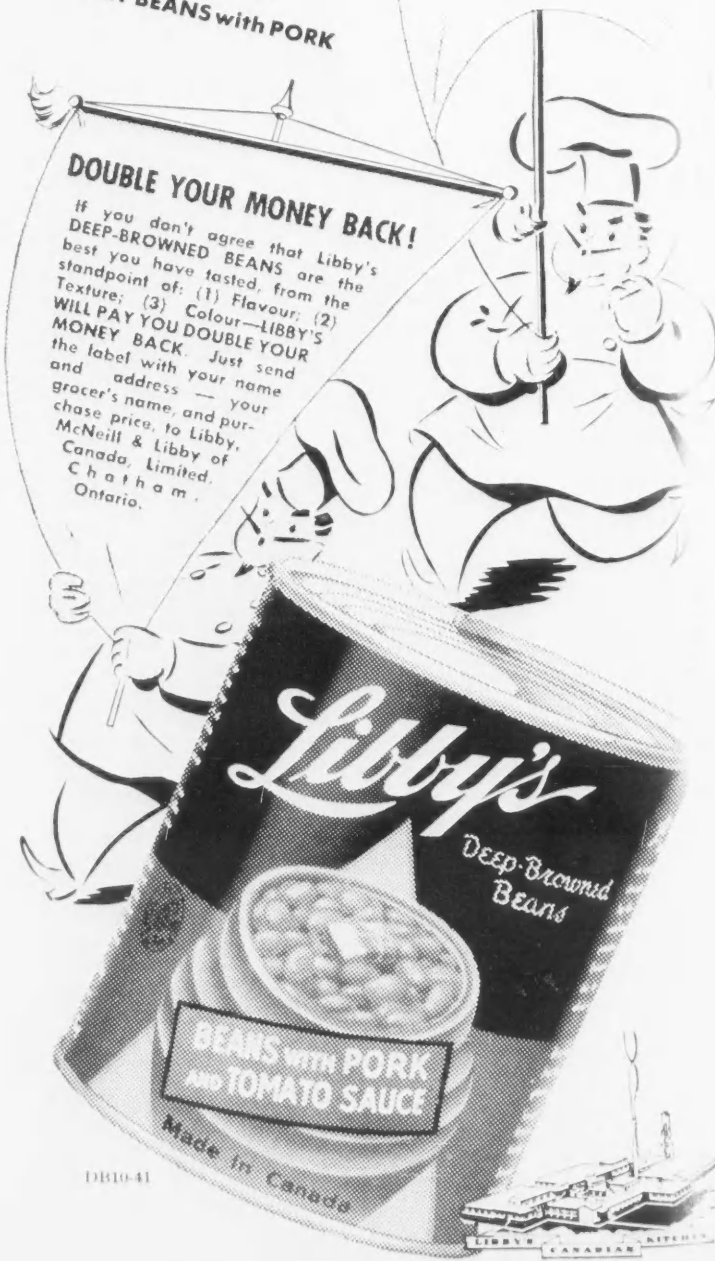
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- 4 KIDNEY BEANS with PORK



DR10-41

"THE BACK PAGE"

The Blitz and the Buskin in Britain

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

Little Review, an entertainment devised for the ultra-sophisticated, drew crowds from the monocle and mortarboard wearing section of the population, but the greatest popular success of the war, to date, was the production in the spring of 1940 of *King Lear*, with John Gielgud in the name part. Running it a close second was *The Tempest* with Gielgud as Prospero. Both these productions were at the Old Vic, which presented Shakespeare all through the last war.

AFTER the airblitz began, a year ago, London theatres closed abruptly; only the Old Vic, devoted to productions of the classics, and its companion theatre, Sadler's Wells, given over to performances of opera and ballet, were able to continue. Even then the Vic had to move out of its own theatre, which is very near to Waterloo Station, and is the oldest theatre in London to continue business in its original fabric (which dates from 1817). Waterloo is a bombing target, and the Vic is very shaky, so the management and company moved to Sadler's Wells, in the more salubrious district of Islington. Dramatic performances had to be stopped for a while, but a company hastened to Buxton, in Derbyshire, to play *She Stoops To Conquer* and Martinez Sierra's *Kingdom of God* to audiences which gathered from Manchester and from the Civil Service hide-aways in the Peak District. Meanwhile, at Sadler's Wells, performances of opera and ballet continued with great success.

A LETTER received this summer from a high official in the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells Foundation gives interesting details, which sound best in his own words: "A day or two after my last letter we went to live in Sadler's Wells . . . and ran

it as a rest centre for people who had been made homeless by bombs. At one time we had 78 living in. This went on for eight weeks. The Council supplied mattresses and rugs, which we dished out; and sent a mobile canteen thrice a day with v.g. food which we also dished out. There were endless adventures and what newspaper writers call 'Human Stories'—how the big boys pulled off the sprinkler pipes and flooded the bandroom, where 60 people were sleeping, to a depth of three inches; how the little boys put bread down the pit can and flooded the auditorium with liquids which shall be nameless; how Gran Broderick received the news that in extricating her son's body from the wreck of their home the Demolition Squad had pulled the arm off; how Miss Barbara Solway, aged 4, was taken to a hospital in an ambulance at midnight at the very peak of the biggest bombardment ever. . . . Meanwhile we got four companies out on the road. . . . We sent *Macbeth* with Sybil and Lewis (Dame Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Casson) to South Wales, Opera and Ballet round the camps for ENSA, and the main body of the opera company we got to

gether into 'intimate' productions rather gothically arranged by me of *Figaro* and *Traviata*. The whole affair was a feat of dogged persistence of which we felt *very proud*. I think you'll agree justifiably when you realize that at this period a wire to Wales was taking 3 days (6 before you had an answer); that letters, even local letters, were taking a week; parcels just wandered off into the stratosphere; and the phone . . . no words can ever describe the wrack, the torment of an entire day spent trying to collect casts on the telephone. One would dial Royal and Acorn would imperceptibly reply; one or two exchanges were hit, which didn't help any; wires appeared to be entangled like fine old lace, so that if one heard anything but rude fizzings, which was rare, one heard eleven conversations at once. Then everyone had changed their address either fled to Wales like all the tenors, or gone round to Mum's at Hampton like all the choruses. It was overwhelming. It broke Williams up—as the bombs whistled down at night, eldritch screams of *Wrong number again!* would peal out from the shelf in the prop-room where she lay. . . . A Buxton Party of uncertain but not excessive age would enter the office of

a morning, a Witch of eighty would fly out of it at night, gibbering, on a broomstick."

AND so the news continues until the writer concludes. . . "Grieving, but never mind; there are compensations." One of these is that the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells appear to have spread themselves into six companies, with a new headquarters in the Midlands, far from distracting London, and are circulating programs of Shakespeare, Opera, and Ballet all over England. There are difficulties; young men are rare, and must often play two or three parts in a single play, which does them no harm but is considered inartistic at the Vic. The Ballet dances to the piano accompaniment of the former orchestra conductor, the eminent Constant Lambert; despite lack of orchestra they have produced four new ballets since the war began, and have restored the scenery and costumes lost on that fatal May 10, 1940, when they landed in Holland for a good-will tour, and barely escaped with their lives. The opera has recovered its forces from Wales and Hampton and is singing most of its repertoire, though with what the correspondent calls "maimed rites," all over the place. That is what the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells are doing to help win the war. A few years ago the founder of that organization, the late Miss Lillian Baylis, was asked what she thought about the proposed building of a National Theatre. She replied, with characteristic bluntness: "I don't care what you build; we are the national theatre." Was she not right?

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Write Harvey Clare, M.D., Medical Superintendent, Homewood Sanitarium, Guelph, Ont.

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THE CITIZEN AWAKES

A CITIZEN awoke one morn
And found his land in alien toils,
His rulers from their places torn,
His grain and gold a conqueror's spoils.

A whip to his protests replied,
Men seized his canny winter's store,
He wondered how his son had died;
Why fate such grief should pour.

He found a wise man old as Time,
To whom he poured his tale of woe;
He raged against the monstrous crime,
And all officials, high and low.

The wise man said, "Why curse you so?
Did you not say that party strife
Was built for knaves and tricksters low?"

Did you not hug your own small life?
"Did you not say you did not know
Why you should fret your fallow brain
On things of state? You'd crops to grow
And worry over lack of rain?
This is your answer, this your pay
For passing on the other side,
You took for granted, like the day,
The things for which your fathers died.

"Did you with shrug and wry grimace
Ignore the burden meant for you?
You shocked that Freedom hides her face
And Liberty is lost to view?
Rights grow not upon apple-trees
And fields unworked no harvest give.

Stand! Fight and Die! Or, on your knees,
An abject mimic of existence, live!"

DONALD L. AUKEN,
Mercedale, Man.

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Two silver fox pelts are piled high at the throat and swilled round the hem of this coat made from finest, woven English wool cloth! Exemplifying the trend toward front fullness, the graceful folds of the skirt are draped from a squeezed waistline. Sleeves, too, interpret the free flowing mood of the day! Eaton's August Sale Price, each \$129.00.

Coat illustrated is just one representative from the handsome collection in Eaton's August Sale of Fur-Trimmed Coats, priced from \$9.00 to \$129.00.

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Cities Should Not Steal From Landowners!

PEOPLE make news



Mrs. Jean M. Knox, 33, who was appointed Controller (Maj.-Gen.) of Britain's Auxiliary Territorial Service (Women's Army). In 3 years she has risen from a plain volunteer. She succeeds Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan.



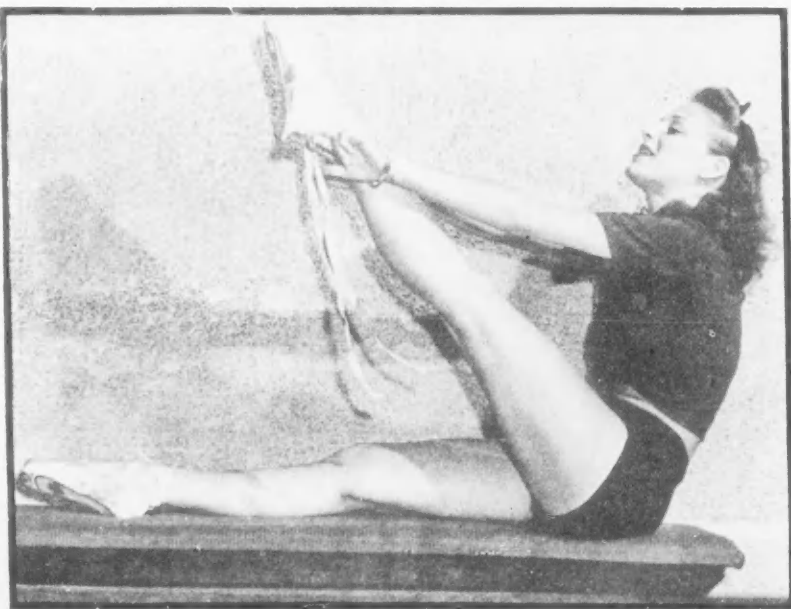
Gen. Ernest Udet, Great War ace and stunt flyer, who was, with Hermann Goering, responsible for the might of the Luftwaffe, was last week reported to be a suicide. He was under arrest for opposing the Russian adventure.



Judy Garland, singing star of screen and radio, with her husband David Rose, composer and music arranger. They were married in Las Vegas, Nev., he for the second time, she for the first. Judy is 19, Rose, 32.



Mrs. L. R. P. Jordon is shown leaving the White House with Rep. Hugh Peterson of Georgia. Mrs. Jordon is 75 and has been told that she will be blind in a short time. She wanted to see the President before she went blind.



In recognition of her contribution to the art world by blending the best in dancing and acting, Zorina, famous danseuse, was last week given the title of the top dancing actress of 1941 by Dr. Frederic M. Thrasher, Director of Motion Picture Study at New York University. A top flight ballerina, Zorina has appeared in the stage productions of "I Married an Angel" and "Louisiana Purchase" as well as several of the better Hollywood musical extravaganzas.

EVEN if the Rowell-Sirois recommendations had been adopted, there would have been little appreciable relief for many of those in our large urban areas who are forced to pay exorbitant taxes on real estate. The Dominion's acceptance of the responsibility for the employable unemployed might have helped a little after the war, but hardly at all now, since most of the employables are employed. There is, however, one weakness in the whole system of real estate taxation which can be cured neither by Ottawa nor by provincial governments except as the latter revise their assessment acts and give the property-owner some better protection against arbitrary, fictitious and confiscatory assessments. If, for instance, the law stated that no property could be sold for unpaid taxes unless the price received was equivalent to the average assessment for the ten years preceding the sale, the injustice would be largely eliminated at a stroke of the pen.

This does not imply that all assessments are too high. It is quite possible that most assessments are fair. It may even be that some assessments are too low and that too much property is exempt. But the main

BY CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX

The system of assessing property in Canada is uneven and unjust, says Claris Edwin Silcox. In it are the seeds of slums and Communism. It is responsible for discouraged landowners and an obstacle to town planning.

A city to prosper must lower its land values to attract businesses to it; must tax land on real, not hypothetical value; must limit business frontage to approximately 15 per cent; and must make proper provision for residential and apartment districts.

curse of the system is its unevenness, and the fact that those who are the victims of the injustice have no real chance for redress in the courts. At present, the tax on land is a capital levy, not based on income received, actual cost or present market value. This gives the assessors dictatorial powers which they should never possess. Nor is this funda-

mental weakness remedied at all by the establishment of Dominion rent controllers who set limits to the rent which may be collected while the municipal *gauleiter* sets no limits to the assessments. Further, at the present time, residential property which is assessed as potential business property cannot well be sold unless the purchaser is able to secure from the Priorities Board at Ottawa permission to build. When this is not forthcoming, the owners of the property, who are not able to borrow against it (since it is unproductive), nor to sell, nor to secure sufficient in rentals to pay the taxes, are simply the victims of confiscation without compensation.

Capitalism, Beware!

Let the friends of capitalism beware! The precedent has been established, and no one can complain after the war if capital of other kinds is confiscated without compensation by the government. It has been done already in the matter of over-assessed real estate in the downtown areas of cities, and hence, there is no reason why it should not be equally done in the matter of gold mines, industrial stock, or agricul-

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Case for Free Competition

BY P. M. RICHARDS

NOWADAYS it is widely assumed that after the war there is going to be much more governmental control of the economy, and that this will, somehow or other, inevitably result to our common benefit. The many who argue in this fashion claim that private enterprise can never again hope to provide opportunity for the full employment of available labor power, and that to retain an economic system based on individual initiative means that even in Canada, where we pride ourselves upon our pioneer spirit and ingenuity, our industry, ability and widespread thrift, we must resign ourselves to having permanently some



hundreds of thousands of unemployed to be taken care of through some system of poor relief or dole. The only remedy that these people can offer is to turn everything over to the state, regardless of the fact that the state itself does not create wealth and purchasing power but merely, through taxation, redistributes the wealth

and purchasing power created by producers. What is the basis of this new economic philosophy under which all the rules of the game seem to have been changed? Why, before the war, did we see labor clamoring for shorter hours and fewer labor-saving devices to make jobs go around? Why did we see industry trying to limit competition and stabilize prices, and agriculture joining in with enforced acreage reduction and crop control? Is it true that, under private enterprise, we have already produced more than we want or ever shall want—more than men are willing to work for? Or, under a system of state socialism, can we have more and more by producing less and less until we live like kings on nothing?

Formula for Lasting Prosperity

According to a careful estimate made by the Brookings Institution of Washington, to give every family in the United States a reasonable standard of living seventy-five per cent more goods and services would have to be produced than were produced in 1929! No doubt an increase no less large would be required in the case of Canada. In view, then, of the fact that in the period of greatest productivity the output of goods and services was not large enough to provide a great mass of the people with the minimum requirements for health and efficiency, it would seem to be apparent that the primary need is not for a smaller aggregate output but for a larger one. Evidently what is needed—what will be needed after the war—is not restriction but a more effective utilization of our productive capacity and its steady expansion to the

end that all classes of people may attain progressively higher living standards.

Because income is received in the form of money, it is easy to become confused into thinking that economic progress in peacetime is measured by the rate of increase in wages, salaries, interest and profits. It is this confusion which leads to the urge for government subsidies for reduced production, pensions for the aged provided they cease working, and similar proposals for expanding purchasing power. Attention becomes focused upon the increased money incomes which thus flow into trade, overlooking the fact that in the final analysis the standards of consumption are governed by the volume of goods and services produced and offered for sale.

Need is Greater Production

Actually, the only formula for providing lasting prosperity is, with the aid of science, to produce the largest possible amount of goods and services with the least amount of human labor, accompanying such lowering of the cost of production with a decrease in selling price. With money incomes unchanged, real incomes would steadily increase until the additional volume of goods and services called for would employ all who need employment. It is the responsibility of industry to see that the gains resulting from increased efficiency are passed on to the consumer through the medium of price reductions. If this is done, the expanding purchasing power required to take the increased quantity of goods off the market is automatically created.

And for progress we need the maintenance of free competition. Under the pressure of free competition, not only are goods and services made more abundant and more widely available, but obsolete, inefficient, high-cost producers are eliminated. It's true, of course, that much that is called competition is unworthy of the name. Cut-throat practices where prices are reduced at the expense of quality, where price-cuts precede rather than follow reductions in costs and the latter are effected at the expense of labor, where lowered prices are sustained through unethical practices—these and other practices of the same nature might better be called racketeering.

Of course we want the waste of such bad practices abolished. We want stable business conditions to the extent that stability is consistent with efficiency, but not the stability of a static economy—its cost is too great in terms of human welfare. The price of the inefficiency which feeds on restraints, controls and restrictions is unemployment, poverty and waste.



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After extensive manoeuvres of Canadian troops stationed in England, Lieutenant-General A. G. L. McNaughton congratulates some of the officers. He is shaking hands with Major H. F. E. Smith of Vancouver, B.C. Other officers visible in the picture are Lieutenants H. S. Peck and C. R. H. Porteous of Montreal; David Croll, former Mayor of Windsor, member Ontario Legislature; and Alastair Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir's son.

away to anybody who will take it off their hands because they cannot pay the taxes, much less keep the buildings already on it in proper repair? Assessors have been using their powers to wreck real values in the city, immobilizing capital when greater mobility is imperative, and creating assessments which the very province responsible for the assessment laws has to mark down when it evaluates estates for succession duties!

In the United Kingdom, where they have a sensible method of real estate taxation, they have passed the *War Damage Act* (1941) by which owners of property destroyed by enemy bombers receive compensation from the state. It would be fortunate for many real-estate owners in Canadian cities if there were a similar act here, and if some of their property could be conveniently bombed by an enemy. Then, and then only, could they recover some of their investment.

Nor have our assessors worked out any scientific system of assessment. Vacant land is taxed to maintain schools although few of our children live on vacant land, and to provide police and fire protection; it should be obvious that the charge against land should be limited to such improvements as paving, sidewalks, lighting, sewers, etc. Further, downtown assessments on land have been greatly increased at the very time when the flight to the suburbs was beginning. Even today the new munitions factories are quite properly not located in the heart of the cities but in the middle of hundred-acre farms outside of the city limits.

Assessors in some cities are at long last frankly admitting the injustice of the system, but very little is being done to rectify it. One curious by-product of the whole situation is that while many of our financiers are fearful of inflation, real estate property has been systematically deflated for several years and the deflation is still going on. Thus, we have inflation at one end of the economic structure, and deflation at the other, and many who would gladly provide loans and gifts to the government to carry on the war are inhibited from doing so because their holdings are for the most part frozen in unproductive real estate.

Land Values Fictitious

There has been little new land annexed to the city of Toronto, for instance, since 1911, and in the last thirty years the population of Toronto proper has not doubled. In the downtown area the population is even shrinking, as one discovers in the recommendations of the superintendent of schools that several schools be closed. The social trend is away from the city to the suburbs. New forms of transportation have made that possible. But that trend is no excuse for rendering downtown property entirely useless. In the same thirty years, the assessed value of land in Toronto rose from \$128,956,769 to \$384,415,346 in 1931. Since that year, it has only slightly fallen

to \$349,775,086.

What threatens the heart of the city is not congestion, but desert spaces. If the city really wants new prosperity and new industries after the war as well as now, it must realize that it faces a new order. It must lower its land values to attract business to it, instead of driving it away and making the ownership of property unprofitable. It must tax land and buildings on their actual, not their hypothetical, value. It must, through a careful system of town-planning, limit the frontage available to business to approximately 15% of the total frontage and see that these areas are for the most part properly concentrated. It must free other areas for apartments and make the milieu suitable for apartments, and others for detached homes.

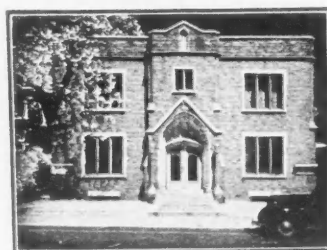
Our cities cannot act too soon. The present policy is stupid, suicidal, uneconomic, deceitful and immoral. It is ruining the steady growth of the city. It is establishing a false total assessment and thus misrepresenting the city's real borrowing powers. It is ignoring the basic social trends of the day. It is freezing and immobil-

izing capital resources when we need all the dollars we can lay our hands on. It is promoting deflation, not inflation. It is engaging in what is just as much a piece of straight theft and confiscation as that practised by the burglars whom it confines to jail. It is creating a sense of fundamental hopelessness as to the existence of real justice in governmental quarters. It is consuming widow's houses without making even the pretence of long prayers, thus meriting the greater damnation. It is wiping out the assets of many in the middle classes who may soon have to qualify for relief as unemployables, while it lets the "big shots" go free. In short, it is laying excellent foundations for the confiscation of all capital assets whenever the government sees fit to confiscate them. Unless corrected, it will render largely impossible any adequate recovery after the war and the restoration of that steady expansion of population and prosperity of which the state of the building industry is the fairest index. It is time that economic illiterates ceased their policies of destruction and sabotage. Cities should not steal!

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GOLD AND DROSS

Your money is important. That is why each week in "Gold and Dross" we tell you what and what not to invest in. And we try to do it as sagaciously and as expertly as possible. This requires patient and painstaking investigation and careful judgment, but the sound reputation of "Gold and Dross" built up over a number of years—more than we care to remember—has justified our effort and been our reward.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

NATIONAL BREWERIES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I want to get an opinion I can trust on the common stock of National Breweries. I am holding some of the stock and will continue to do so if you think the company's outlook warrants it. Please let me know what you think.

P.E.C., Montreal, Que.

The common stock of National Breweries has appeal for income; its appreciation possibilities are limited. If you feel that a stock in this category meets your investment needs, I see no reason for you to sell.

In spite of the recent restrictions placed upon the sale of beer in the Province of Quebec, sales of National Breweries to date in this year are showing a handsome improvement over those of the corresponding period last year. Hot seasonable weather, and the swelling pay rolls which have resulted from wartime stimulus to industry has more than balanced whatever tendency there may have been towards curtailment of consumption occasioned by the new tax.

Net last year was equal to \$1.78

per share against the \$2 per share dividend. With more than 10 per cent of its stock held externally, National Breweries is subject to the Foreign Exchange Control Board's ruling against payment of dividends in excess of current earnings. So far, permission to continue the payments has been forthcoming. Last payment was made on July 2. Obviously, even a cut in dividends to the level of earnings would still leave the stock yielding an above-average return.

Earnings outlook for the company is uncertain because of the uncertainty as to the extent to which taxes may nullify the improved volume of business. Last year, taxes of all kinds, including the increased duty on malt, cost the company \$6,149,886 an increase of \$1,713,539 over the previous year. This year, there is another fillip given taxes by the minimum combined federal and income excess profits taxes from 30 per cent to 40 per cent. This tax will be offset to some extent by the tentative intimation on the part of the Quebec government that it will forego the corporation tax field under the Government's proposal.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of the New York stock market was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12.

STOCKS MOVING INTO STRONG HANDS

On August 1 the Dow-Jones rail average closed at 30.88, thereby effecting a decisive penetration of its April rally peak and confirming similar strength by the industrial average some weeks previously. Together, the two averages have now jointly emerged from their five-month trading range in an upside direction. This upside emergence designates the trading area as one during which stocks were passing from weak to strong investment interests.

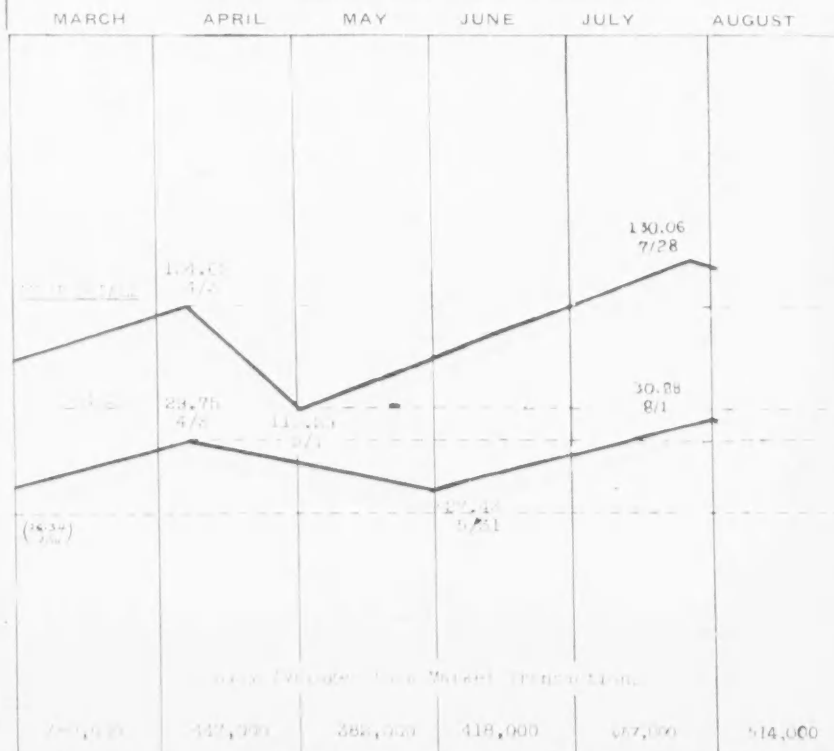
From the more immediate, or short-term, approach, upside penetrations such as that just witnessed, are as often as not followed by secondary declines of three or more weeks' duration, or by an extended interval of sideways movement in rather narrow limits. Such irregularity serves to consolidate the rise and otherwise strengthen the technical structure for another interval of advance.

A MAJOR ADVANCE IN THE MAKING?

Whether or not secondary reaction is now to be witnessed, this recent upside emergence of the averages, viewed broadly, is encouraging. Taken in conjunction with the prior refusal of the market to move under the May, 1940, panic lows and the accompanying drying up in volume of trading, there is some justification for a belief that at a not-too-remote date the averages will succeed in pushing above their November, 1940, rally peaks. Industrials 138.2 Rails 30.29. Such a development would be a technical confirmation of current economic indications that a major advance is in the making.

Factors of main recent stimulus to the market have been the growing evidences of a war inflation as ahead for the United States, plus the knowledge that the Anglo-American war position has shown progressive improvement over the past twelve months. These factors, however, while important to the major trend, would not prevent technical recession. Because of the extent of the advance from May into July, we recommended caution on recent strength. Should the market, at an early date, develop additional strength, say, into the 140-145 level, rather than show recession, intermediate selling, in our opinion, would be called for.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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DIVIDEND NO. 313

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWO DOLLARS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after TUESDAY, the SECOND day of SEPTEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st July, 1941.

By Order of the Board

JACKSON DODDS, G. W. SPINNEY
General Manager General Manager
Montreal, 22nd July, 1941.

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of \$1.00 per share, payable in Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, on the 15th day of August, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st July, 1941.

By order of the Board

J. R. BRADFIELD

Toronto, August 6th, 1941.



The insignificant little animal in the arms of American Airlines stewardess Mildred Purdy is a Cordillera Chinchilla of the Andes. One of 80 in captivity, he's worth \$2,500.

GOLD & DROSS

DOMINION TEXTILE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please give me your considered opinion of the stock of Dominion Textile. Do you think the company will cut the common dividend by a merit margin this year?

R. M. P., Toronto, Ont.

Yes, I do. At the present time a good chunk of the company's gross profits are going to the government in the way of excess profits taxes; so much that there would have to be a very sharp decline in gross profits before the balance of net available for dividends would be seriously affected. Last year's income and excess profits taxes were \$4,192,456 more than two-thirds of profits before taxes, more than double shareholders' net profits and more than three times common dividends.

In the first quarter of the current fiscal year which began April 1, poundage and dollar sale of Dominion Textile Company Limited ran ahead of the corresponding quarter of 1940. And despite the rising trend of costs, profits also compared favorably with the June quarter of last year. Some increases have been made in selling prices, but nothing commensurate with the rise in costs. The likelihood is, then, for a gradual thinning of profit margins.

At the present market, the common stock has appeal for income as well as for its appreciation possibilities. The \$5-per-share dividend rate should be covered amply during the current fiscal year. Last year net was equal to \$7.03 per common share.

Dominion Textile produces a variety of cloths, fabrics and yarns. Normally about 75 per cent of the company's output goes to the manufacturing and cutting-up trade, the remainder being sold to jobbers, retailers, etc. But in 1940 a substantial amount went directly and indirectly for military purposes.



WHERE DO THEY GET OFF?

SACHIGO RIVER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am holding stock in Sachigo River Exploration Company. Does the company still intend to make a division of the equity to the shareholders and what amount will it be? I still feel that the property will be continued in operation.

J. C., Winnipeg, Man.

The management of Sachigo River Exploration Co. feels that all possibilities of locating additional ore have been exhausted and operations will cease this Fall. It is expected the company will have about \$4 a share to distribute to shareholders when everything is wound up, probably in September.

As the \$4 a share will be about equal to the amount of capital expended in bringing the property into

production it is hoped the distribution will be regarded by the tax authorities as a return of capital and, hence, not liable for income taxes.

B.C. PACKERS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Kindly tell me what you think of the common stock of British Columbia Packers. Also, will you tell me why the company's net profit fell off in the last fiscal year?

O. D. C., Vancouver, B.C.

One reason for the falling off of B.C. Packers' net income was the sharp rise in the cost of sales from \$4,713,206 to \$6,726,613 and the fact that the operating ratio, that is, the cost of sales to net sales, increased from 76 per cent to 86 per cent. Another reason for the poorer return was the failure of the pink salmon run. The pack of canned salmon was normal in quantity except for this one species and its run was abnormally short, being only 53 per cent of the previous cycle run. Other reasons were a decrease in the herring catch which was due chiefly to the very late run in certain districts rather than its complete failure, lower prices in the United Kingdom for sockeye salmon and lower oil prices.

In the year ended April 30, 1941, net was equal to \$1.52 per common share, against \$2.87 in the previous fiscal year, 98 cents in 1939 and 47 cents per share in 1938. Working capital position, which has improved materially in the last several years, was further strengthened in 1940-1941.

The possibility of a dividend on B.C. Packers' common is, I would say, remote, and the stock has less than average speculative appeal.

McCUAIG RED LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I hold shares of McCuaig Red Lake and would appreciate having your opinion of the prospects for a dividend.

W. H., Toronto, Ont.

The fact that McCuaig Red Lake Gold Mines is still in the prospect stage and inactive at present, makes it impossible to predict if the company will ever reach the dividend-paying ranks. A program of diamond drilling was contemplated, following a geological survey late last year but plans are in abeyance pending more favorable financing conditions.

A few years ago considerable surface work and diamond drilling was carried out on the property, which adjoins McKenzie Red Lake to the north, with some encouragement. Two shallow holes, 100 feet apart, showed 30-foot intersections averaging \$4 and \$5 respectively, while a third hole between these gave 30 feet of core averaging \$23 per ton.

The company owns 20,000 shares of McKenzie Red Lake.



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The New "Blue Book"

COVERING a total of 1,335 Canadian companies in its 1,200 pages, the 1941 issue of Houston's "Annual Financial Review" offers a striking comparison with the first copy issued at the turn of the century when a complete coverage of leading Canadian corporations involved only 126 company analyses.

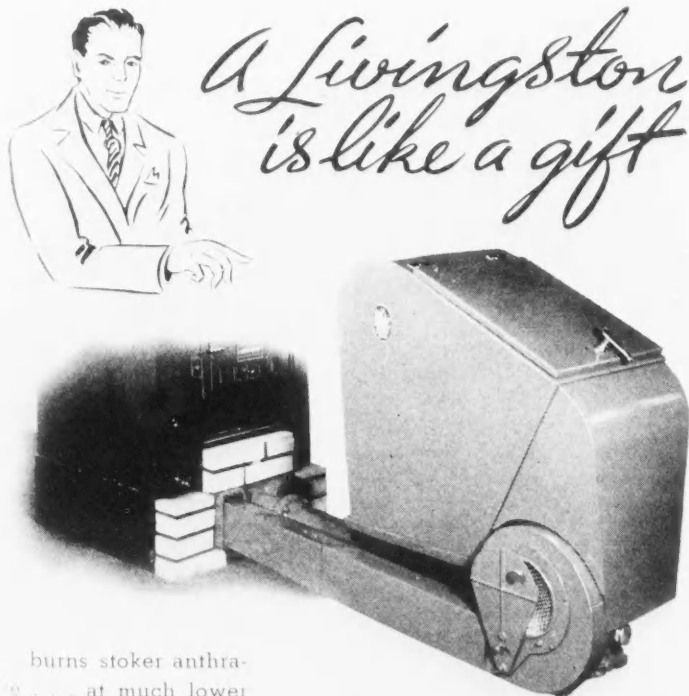
In the majority of cases, three year comparative figures are given for balance sheets and income and surplus accounts, increasing the book's value for analytical study.

The book gives easy reference to details of the various companies, such as dividend records extending back over a number of years, description of plant and properties, producing gold and base metal mines are reviewed and many of the western

ones are included. A record of high and low prices of all listed stocks and bonds extending back over a period of years is also given in the "Review", which has the official sections of the Toronto and Montreal Stock Exchanges.

Individual sales records are posted of the Toronto, Montreal, Calgary and Vancouver Stock Exchanges and the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, a representative list of brokers in other Canadian cities is given, as well as details of Dominion, Provincial and Municipal financing, and other information otherwise difficult to obtain.

The "Review", or "Blue Book" as it is familiarly known, is compiled and issued by Houston's Standard Publication, 184 Bay St., Toronto.



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ABOUT INSURANCE

Insuring the Life Value of Property

BY GEORGE GILBERT

IT IS coming to be recognized that there are property life values as well as human life values which properly come within the scope of insurance. While the establishment in industry of reserves of one kind and another to take care of depreciation of plant and buildings is nothing out of the ordinary, the idea of insuring the economic life of property is something new on this continent.

During the past few years there has been considerable discussion in the United States of this new method of combatting obsolescence of plant and buildings, carried on before various bodies under the sponsorship of a committee of bankers, underwriters, economists and real estate managers. As a result, legal provision for the transaction of property life insurance has recently been made in two States, New York and Illinois, and no doubt other States will soon follow their lead. Companies empowered to write this form of insurance will likely be started in the near future. In fact, a charter for such a company has already been granted by the State of New York, and its proposed policy conditions have been tentatively approved by the New York Insurance Department.

As pointed out by its chief protagonist on this side of the water, Hans Heymann, Ph.D., formerly of Berlin, Germany, property life insurance is designed to fill the gap which now exists in our insurance system, for whereas we are accustomed to replace human earning capacity with personal insurance and to restore the earning capacity of physical objects which have been

Property life insurance, which has been in existence in Europe for a period of about twenty-five years, is likely to be placed on the market on this side of the water in the near future, if present plans are carried through to completion.

There are various forms of this coverage, such as building life insurance, machinery life insurance, and ship and motor life insurance, which undertake to provide for a fixed annual premium protection against the contingency of depreciation, dilapidation of buildings, machinery, etc.

impaired with property insurance, we have so far failed to concede that physical objects may "die" just as surely as human beings.

When a Building "Dies"

Thus, as he says, while we have provided for the restoration of objects which have been damaged by accidents of all kinds, we have, on the whole, neglected to provide for their replacement when they have reached the point where they have no real economic justification. He claims that a technique not unlike that of insurance on human life can be applied to structures and plant equipment.

As life insurance has been successfully transacted because it is based upon actuarial computations and experience data covering the probabilities of living and dying, and as fire and casualty insurance are successful because they are based on experience data covering the probability of damage, so through property life insurance, it is contended, a genuine actuarial technique, somewhat similar to that of life insurance, will be introduced into the property insurance system for the first time.

While actuarial tables have been devised based upon experience data covering not only the probable life of structures, machinery and other physical objects but also the probable frequency of damages from depreciation which are to be anticipated, property life insurance is described as pure property insurance and pure risk insurance in all its characteristics, and has a technique all its own.

Similar to the manner in which life insurance insures the life of a man, property life insurance insures the life of physical property. The property to be insured, it is explained, must first undergo a physical examination, and if it is found to be in a normally sound condition it is considered a risk eligible for this form of insurance.

Life Expectancy

Then the next step is to make an estimate as to the life expectancy of the property. Once the "life term" is established and the property graded into the proper risk class and the "insurable amount" fixed, which amount must equal the value of the property without the ground, then the annual premium can be determined. While over-insurance is prohibited under this form of insurance, under-insurance is undesirable because it provides only partial coverage.

During the insured life term of the property, it is pointed out, all vitally important repairs are covered—they are defined as partial, premature losses—and the death of the property is regarded as having occurred when the cost necessary to carry out the repairs is equal to or exceeds the cost of building a new property. The property is then regarded as not worth repairing and as having ended its useful life span. The insured amount then becomes payable.

Where partial losses are paid, the amounts are deducted from the face amount of the policy, and the remaining sum is paid to the property owner at the end of the insured term. However, the insured may reinstate the policy to the full amount after each partial loss, and if he does so the full sum again becomes payable at the end of the policy term and enables the insured to build a new property.

It is claimed that through property life insurance a permanent safeguard for the preservation, renewal and reproduction of property is introduced into our capital structure, and that for the negative and inefficient method of writing off depreciation in books only, a positive and constructive insurance system is substituted.

Mortgagor Also Protected

For the mortgagor, it is noted, it means reproduction of the full value of the structure, so that the mortgage loan as well as the equity are safeguarded, which assures an increasing security to the equity, instead of the equity bearing all the depreciation. The mortgagor will not find it necessary to secure additional mortgage funds for unexpected repairs, but will instead keep the mortgage loan intact and in its original terms.

A very optimistic view of the benefits to be derived from the general adoption of property life insurance is taken by Dr. Heymann. He believes that slums and blighted areas will disappear from cities and towns once this rational system is introduced into the national economy. By putting a premium on better building, he says, it tends to reduce the necessity for repairs, while at the same time it provides funds for necessary repairs and thereby assures a maximum amount due at the end of the life term of the structure.

There is no doubt that our cities today contain slum districts in which the buildings consist largely of dwellings which in the true sense of the word experienced complete depreciation many years ago. It is pointed out by Dr. Heymann that had property life insurance been available and commonly utilized when these structures were first built, sums would have been available to replace them with up-to-date buildings at the end of thirty forty or fifty years, so that these districts, instead of sinking into slums and blighted areas with old tenements, would have been able to keep pace with the times.

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

For a number of years we have had insurance with the Dominion Fire Insurance Co. but they have no agent at this point.

I am enclosing a statement from the Milwaukee Mechanics Insurance Co. I would like to take out insurance in this company, but first would like to know from you whether it is a bona fide concern or not.

—H. S. R. Jasper, Alta.

Milwaukee Mechanics Insurance Company, with head office at Milwaukee, Wis., and Canadian head office at Vancouver, B.C., was incorporated in 1852, carried on business in Canada under Dominion license from 1928 to 1931, and since Feb. 15, 1939, has again been operating in this country under Dominion registry.

At the end of 1940 its total assets in Canada were \$376,397, while its total liabilities here amounted to \$149,957, showing a surplus in this country of \$226,440. Its total assets were \$12,008,277, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to \$5,544,065, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$6,464,211.

Editor, About Insurance:

Some weeks ago I was visited by an insurance salesman who was trying to persuade me to change my not inconsiderable line of insurance from the present carriers to a purely Canadian company. What surprised me most in what he told me was that out of a general premium income in Canada of about \$85,000,000 a year only 16 per cent goes to Canadian owned companies, the rest to British and foreign companies, although Canadian companies write every line at practically the same rates and are qualified to give at least an equal standard of protection and service. He also told me that we in Canada allow companies from every country in the world to sell their insurance here if they can put up the required deposit, whereas most countries, including Britain, close out Canadian companies or enforce restrictions which preclude their entry. In effect, we have free trade in insurance and no one else has.

—W. E. J., Peterborough, Ont.

You have evidently been left under a misapprehension as to the existing situation with respect to the insurance business in Canada.

With very few exceptions, all the other than Canadian companies transacting insurance in this country are either British or United States institutions. In both Great Britain and the United States, Canadian companies are now carrying on business under no greater restrictions than are placed on British and United States companies doing business in Canada. In fact, in Great Britain the deposit requirements with regard to Canadian companies are not as severe as those with which the British companies must comply in Canada. No fair-minded person in Great Britain would be in favor of excluding Canadian companies from Great Britain. Neither would any fair-minded person in Canada be in favor of excluding United States companies from Canada any more than any fair-minded person in the United States would be in favor of excluding Canadian companies from the United States.

As Canadian companies grow and cover the field in Canada, they seek business in other fields like those in the United States and Great Britain, just as the United States and British

companies, after developing the other countries. Capital has not been attracted to the insurance business in Canada to the same extent as in older and larger countries, and that is why there are more insurance companies in existence in those countries and more of them seeking business in other countries, including Canada. There is no dearth of Canadian insurance companies available to any one who desires to place his insurance with a native company. As far as fire insurance is concerned, there are fifty-six Canadian incorporated companies to choose from, all regularly licensed and operating under the supervision of the Dominion Insurance Department. If a person places his insurance with a Canadian company, that is all to the good, so far as our Canadian companies are concerned, but no fault can be found with him if he chooses a British or United States company, so long as it complies with the license, deposit and solvency requirements of our Dominion laws, any more than any fault can be found with a person in the United States or Great Britain who insures with a Canadian company.

In Canada last year the net premiums written by the Canadian companies under Dominion registry were \$10,010,987, as compared with \$9,467,985 in 1939; the net premiums written by the British companies were \$15,350,818, as compared with \$15,288,353 in 1939; while the net premiums written by the United States and other foreign companies were \$16,585,563, as compared with \$16,227,908 in 1939.

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News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

NAZI influence in the United States has been hard at work in recent weeks. Although Washington has been increasingly on guard, yet the termites of Hitlerism marched right into the American citadel. This was in the form of a suggestion that gold mining should be curtailed and that the government should cease to buy added quantities of this precious metal. The suggestion did not come on the voices of high authority, but was confined to the whisper of "little" politicians, possibly too feeble in intellect to realize the purpose for which they were being used.

The United States is sitting astride 80 per cent. of the world's monetary gold. The great gold producing areas of the world are South Africa, Canada, the United States and Russia. The \$22,000,000,000 in gold stored in the United States is a big part of the accumulated power—a symbol of the power and the influence of that great nation—the reward of a century of progress and unequalled prosperity.

The British Commonwealth of Nations is the source of more new gold annually than all other parts of the world.

British-American-Russian gold flowing in one great stream is a main-spring of the farflung machine now ticking out the doom of Nazidom. Hitler would probably dance with glee and would shower iron crosses upon all those responsible for stemming the flow of this vital metal.

No matter what the arguments may amount to in regard to the efficacy or inefficacy of gold in national or international economy and trade, the fact remains that gold right now is a main pillar of strength in America and the British Commonwealth. The present is no time for politicians to be digging at its base.

Dome Mines produced \$4,592,553 in gold during the first seven months of 1941 compared with \$4,635,476 in the corresponding period of 1940. Grade of ore was down 25 cents per ton to \$12.60.

Paymaster Consolidated Mines produced \$1,030,292 in the seven months ended July 31 compared with \$995,962 in the first seven months of 1940.

Sigma Mines produced \$1,666,257 in gold in the seven months ended July 31 compared with \$1,314,157 in the corresponding period of 1940.

Gold production from the Porcupine area has shown a steady decline in recent months. April output was 124,185 ounces, compared with 119,539 ounces in May and 116,691 ounces in June.

Mines in the Kirkland Lake district have been showing a recent increase in production of gold. This is reflected in official data which shows \$9,880,269 produced in the three months ended June 30, compared with \$9,249,203 in the preceding quarter.

Hard Rock Gold Mines reported a sharp decline in gold production during the three months ended June 30. Whereas the ore yielded \$10.06 per ton in the first quarter of this year, the output for the second quarter was down to \$8.27 per ton. This decline in grade accounted for the lower production. Officials declare this slump is considered to be merely a temporary condition. The records show that for the last quarter of 1940 the output was \$326,002, with \$310,240 for the first quarter of this year and \$255,126 for the quarter ended June 30.

Bonetal Gold Mines is opening an ore shoot at the 275 foot level where close to 100 feet in length has so far been disclosed. The width of the ore is over seven feet and early sampling indicates values of approximately \$9 per ton. Meanwhile, a crosscut at the 500-foot level is entering the section

this week where the continuation of the Hallnor vein is expected to be found.

Upper Canada Gold Mines has located rich ore at surface at a point just 500 feet west of its new No. 2 shaft. The deposit is about ten feet in width and the early work has revealed at least some sections of high grade ore, and indicated to be the best so far found on the property.

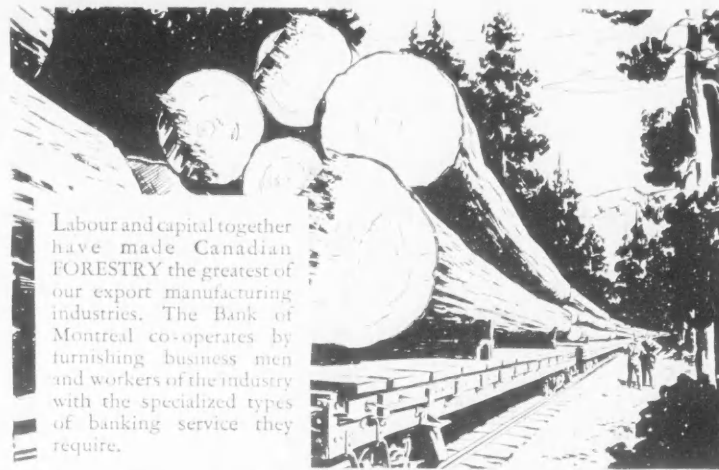
Wright-Hargreaves will close its fiscal year August 31 and is expected to show a further decline in ore reserves. In 1940 the ore reserves declined about \$1,900,000 below the preceding year. Now, with officials reporting considerable unproductive exploration during the first half of 1941 the indications are that a further decline may be expected this year. At the peak of prosperity the ore reserves of Wright-Hargreaves were about four years ahead of current output. This compares with recent estimates of 3½ years in developed reserve.

Nickel producers in Canada have earmarked between \$35,000,000 and \$40,000,000 for expansion of production facilities. While this will spread over a long period, yet the government at Ottawa is expected to offer special inducement for speedy effort possibly to the extent of allowing wide scope in speedy write-off of abnormal expenditures intended to assist the government in its war effort.

Lignite from the Onakawana deposit in Northern Ontario has been put under 400 pound pressure and has been found to be a valuable fuel with a moisture content of just 18 per cent. A test has been made on the T. & N. O. Railway and the fuel pronounced satisfactory. However, there is still the vital question of economic production to be determined. The problem now is identical with that of over fifteen years ago. At that time I myself held many square miles of the territory embracing the lignite beds. At that time there was little doubt but that the material could be used to some extent—but, there was then as there is now, that exceedingly serious doubt as to whether the material could be mined and treated on an economic basis. The lignite lies beneath a heavy overburden of muck and boulders, with extensive excavations entailed before recovering the lignite and with a serious drainage problem also involved. There should be no effort to discourage investigation and experiment, but it is pretty early to arouse any great degree of optimism in regard to the prospect of any important source of fuel capable of competing with fuel from various other directions.



Vernon Bartlett, Independent British M.P., and special diplomatic correspondent of the "News-Chronicle" who has joined the British Information Service in the United States.



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BUT nowadays persons injured, do not blame themselves for carelessness; they seek to shift responsibility to someone else in hopes of getting COMPENSATION. If the case goes to court, there may be a judgment for a good-sized amount.

WE suggest the prudence of shield and forward seeing people, obtaining protection against this prevalent hazard. Any agent of this society will gladly give you particulars.

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COLIN E. SWORD, Manager for Canada

Labor is Beaverbrook's Main Problem

Lord Beaverbrook's chief task, as Minister of Supply, is to straighten out Britain's labor muddle and bring about a proper utilization of the nation's labor resources. Mr. Layton says that Mr. Bevin, the Labor Minister, has been too considerate of the trade unions' objection to the practice of "dilution"—the watering down of highly-skilled operatives by some less skilled—and that it is up to Beaverbrook to bring the unions into line with the nation's needs. Even if it means treading on everybody's corns, the corns must suffer.

except, perhaps, where the Army is concerned, is very right and proper. But who could pretend that every man (to say nothing of the women) outside the Forces and the Civil Defence Units was engaged on work of national importance. And who could say that all men in defence work were working properly? There are men still wasting their time in civil work which has not the remotest

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

connection with the war. And, nauseating though it be to all of us, there are men employed in shipyards, aviation works and iron foundries, who find it convenient to put in a good deal of parasitic idling.

It is to this muddle and worse

than muddle that the Minister of Supply will apply himself. There are preoccupations in thousands at the Ministry. There is coal, and iron and steel, and foods, and supplies from America, and shipping to fetch them. It is a job for a big man to understand these, and to frame a priority list, so that the most urgent receive the most urgent attention. On top of the list is labor. If it

means fighting the War Office to tackle the problem, then the War Office must be fought. If it means nauseating Mr. Bevin, then that too must be done. If it means outraging the Unions, they must be outraged. If it means treading on everybody's corns, the corns must suffer. Even if it means genuine hardship, the job must not be balked. Go to it, my Lord.

THE rushing energies of Lord Beaverbrook, to which the R.A.F. so largely owes its present ability to offend the Nazis all over Europe by day as well as night, are occupied with a very different problem at the Ministry of Supply. It has never been easy, even for Ministers of Supply themselves, to define the exact scope of their work. Where does the Ministry of Supply leave off and the Board of Trade begin? Where does the Ministry of Shipping take over? What say has the Mines Department? Or the Department of Overseas Trade? And, in particular, where does the line divide between the Ministry of Supply and the Ministry of Labor? To Lord Beaverbrook these fine points will not matter so very much. He has been called the pirate Minister, and we hope that his buccaneering talent will not desert him in his present task.

There is, however, an apparent obstacle at the Ministry of Labor. Of all the problems of supply none is more insistent or more complicated than that of labor. And this problem is two-fold. On the one hand it is the pure question of the flow of labor into work of national importance; and on the other it is the question of the management of labor when it has been secured. Since the objective is supply, both these may, on the broad view, be considered as legitimate spheres of action for Beaverbrook. But what will Mr. Bevin say? He was "nauseated" by the talk of absenteeism not so long ago. He has never made any bones about his attitude towards war labor. And though he may bark at the whole country, there is one hand which he will not bite.

Now, there is a thing called Ministerial etiquette and it can be a powerful thing. But in this war it is more honored in the breach than the observance. We must have a policy for labor. The war has gone on too long without it, and it will go on longer than it need if we continue to be deprived of it.

Core of the Problem

The core of the problem is, in one sense, that the necessary adjustments now must mean a considerable degree of what is called dilution. Dilution is the watering down of highly skilled operatives by some less skilled, and it is very offensive to trade unions. And, indeed, in ordinary times it would be scandalous if the Government were to endorse such a policy. But in wartime it would be tragic if it did not. If one is to talk frankly, trade unions, the rights of labor, the freedom of the individual, the sanctity of labor's hard-fought-for rights do not matter a damn at this stage. What matters and matters supremely is that the war should be won, and that everything we've got is put into the winning of it. The rest can be put right later.

There is nothing which would help to solve the supply problem more than an intelligent, comprehensive and forceful labor program. It is here that our real shortage is. The Army and the Air Force and the Navy have dipped pretty heavily into the available stock, and they continue to take men away. That,

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LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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Accordingly, we are devoting this and several succeeding messages to their explanation.

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2. In taking out life insurance, full consideration should be given to the relationship between your income and your insurance needs.
3. As your insurance needs change, or your income varies, your insurance program should be fitted to your new situation in whatever way will best serve your interests and your family's. Your Company or any representative will be glad to advise you in such cases without charging you a fee of any kind.
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This is Number 40 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

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